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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1900.

The Week.

The case from the Philippines now before the Supreme Court is that of Emil J. Pepke vs. the United States. Pepke was a soldier, a member of a volunteer regiment from North Dakota. Returning from Manila with his regiment, he brought fourteen diamond rings upon which he paid no duties at San Francisco. Subsequently the rings were seized by a customs officer at Chicago as having been smuggled into the country, and an information was filed against them in the United States District Court at that place. The claimant made answer in due form that the property in question was not subject to duty, since the Philippine Islands had been annexed to the United States, and formed a part thereof. He claimed exemption under the clause of the Constitution which provides that all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States. The fourteen diamond rings, if procured in California, would not become dutiable if the owner removed with them to Chicago. Therefore they were not dutiable when he removed with them from Manila to San Francisco. But if diamond rings from Manila can come in free of duty, then any other goods, whether natural products or manufactures, can enter in the same manner. But that is not all. Our treaty with Spain provides that her goods shall enter the Philippines on the same terms as our own for ten years. So Spain can send any kind of merchandise to Manila and enter it free of duty, and then send the same goods from Manila to the United States and enter them free of duty. Carrying the trade one step farther back, Spain can buy English goods and send them to the United States via Manila free of duty. In cases where the duty is 50 per cent. or more ad valorem, it would be worth while to do so.

One thing should not be forgotten, in connection with the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, whose fate is hanging in the balance—namely, that a dog-in-the-manger policy respecting an interoceanic canal is not only foolish in conception, but absolutely impossible of execution. Consider the situation. The proposal is to build a canal as a kind of military short cut exclusively for our use. We are to shuttle-cock the *Oregon* back and forth through the Nicaragua Canal in case of war, but it shall be positively inhibited to the war-vessels of other nations. This is very fine strategy on paper, but what will be the sure result in fact? Why, that the European Powers will at once conclude to push the Panama Canal to completion. If canals are to be thought of only as military measures, two can play at that game. France and Germany and Russia, to say nothing of Great Britain, would be justified in finding the money to finish the work at Panama, if a canal at Nicaragua were to be dug as a kind of threat to them. Then our plight would be ridiculous enough. We should have lost our exclusive line of communication between the fleets of the Atlantic and Pacific, and should have sunk at the same time $200,000,000 in a canal which could not possibly be made to pay as a commercial venture in competition with a second one along the Panama route. All this is but a specimen of the madness which lies that way—the way of opposition to a reasonable, safe, and civilized treaty.

How far our new-style Jingoes have left even Blaine in the rear—looking, by contrast, like a conservative statesman—may be seen by comparing their proposals with his. Their most vicious amendments aim at striking out from the Clayton-Bulwer treaty everything that would prevent the United States, and also Great Britain, from annexing territory in Central America. Elkins wants this, so does Mason, so does even Foraker. But Blaine, in his urgent dispatch of 1881, arguing for the modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, specifically proposed to leave in full force "every part of the treaty in which Great Britain and the United States agree to make no acquisition of territory in Central America." Poor Blaine, how little did he know of Destiny! Senators are denying the report that their utterances in secret session have been marked by hostility to Great Britain. They admit, however, that the tone of their debates in private has been more and more pronouncedly "American." The distinction is perhaps too fine for ordinary eyesight; and we still lack a definition of what it is to be so thoroughly American. What the Senate is doing we can see. It is making a spectacle of itself and of the nation which it represents; it is talking wildly of doing what our word is pledged not to do; it is proposing to build an interoceanic canal which would be an anachronism and a failure from the beginning; it is loose and foolish in speech and lavish of money—yet all this is to be intensely "American." The country will not thank the Senate for teaching it that word.

The discussion of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty shows that a majority of the Senators can see nothing in the Isthmian canal but an instrument of war. Their entire preoccupation is not commerce, but the grand strategy of national defence, and the canal as a part of it. Now, the two things cannot be mixed. If the canal is to promote international trade and to be a paying investment, it must be built under the presuppositions of peace. The moment you put warlike notions first, you bedevil the whole project. You might as well build a battleship to carry coal to Europe. The incongruity would not be greater. Business, commerce, profits, civilization itself presuppose peace. War, instead of being so studiously provided for, should be taken into the calculation only as we might feel compelled to reckon upon the possibility of an earthquake or hurricane or some other calamity. But to put war uppermost in planning what must be an artery of peaceful trade, if it is not to be a grotesque absurdity, is to turn all rational ideas about the matter topsy-turvy. Of one thing be assured, says Mr. Goldwin Smith, that if you think of war, if you talk of war, if you prepare for war, you will get war. The laws of the human mind are known, and are as true of nations as of individuals. Brooding on suicide is the road to suicide; a morbid dread of insanity is the first step towards going mad. So of that madness, that form of suicide, which we call war.

No more studied insult could be offered the President than the intimation, now put forward by some of his supporters, that he never did favor the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and coldly sent it along to the Senate in the distinct hope that it would there be amended or killed. This is equivalent to saying that Mr. McKinley has abdicated his office. The Secretary of State is unknown to the Constitution. It is the President to whom is delegated the power "to make treaties." Col. Hay is only Mr. McKinley's clerk. The Secretary's act is the President's act. When the President sent the Hay-Pauncefote treaty to the Senate, it was as his treaty, an instrument to which he had given assent in every particular, and which he desired to see ratified as it stood. If this was not the case, it would have been his duty to withhold the treaty. Transmitted to the Senate, it necessarily bore the stamp of his approval. Any other view of the matter would make him out both knave and fool. Yet his friends, with a truly Chinese anxiety to "save his face," are the ones who are now urging the preposterous notion that it is Secretary Hay who is alone responsible, and who must be affronted and compelled to resign. We should think that even the long-suffering McKinley would do something besides turn the other cheek to such cruel smiters.

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The Merchants' Association of New York on December 10 adopted a resolution in the nature of a protest to Congress against any subsidy to ships built abroad even though owned by American citizens, and although coupled with a requirement to build an equal amount of tonnage in American ship-yards. We presume that this resolution was adopted with full knowledge that if the Subsidy Bill were amended in this manner, it could not command votes enough to pass Congress. The Atlantic Transport Company, organized, owned, and operated by Americans, is one of the most important navigation companies in the trade between England and America. It has been built up slowly and by careful attention to details to a position of which Americans may well be proud. It has become prosperous by fair competition with older companies, and not by Government favor. Its ships were built abroad, but that circumstance has never been adjudged a crime. This company lately sent a first-class steamship (the *Maine*), without charge, to Chinese waters, as a hospital ship to take care of the wounded soldiers of all the nations at war there. We are opposed to all subsidies, but if any navigation company is deserving of a subsidy, this one is. Now, is it proposed to turn the money of the United States Treasury into competition with this American company, which has built itself up in accordance with the law and in accordance with sound business principles? Because its ships were not built in the United States, is it proposed to give its rivals and competitors a subsidy large enough to take away the business it has secured by years of enterprise and prudent management? The International Company, otherwise called the American Line, will also receive a heavy blow if the proposed amendment is adopted, as it has a considerable fleet of foreign-built steamers running between New York and Antwerp, which would be entitled to half-subsidy under the bill as it now stands, but which the amendment would exclude.

Charles M. Taylor's Sons, steamship owners or operators, of Philadelphia, inform us that they are running lines of steamers from that city to London and also to Bristol via Avonmouth, and that they have carried abroad 681,856,009 pounds of the products of our farms and factories this year (1900). They say also:

> "We have for years been operating established lines of transatlantic steamers, and have for some time been laying our plans for the building of American steamers, as a part of a fleet to be engaged in transatlantic commerce; but the passage of a measure like the present Senate Subsidy Bill would put us under such a burdensome handicap with respect to competitors whom this bill especially favors, that we may be entirely barred from the consummation of our plans in this respect."

How does it come about that one American line would be so handicapped by the Subsidy Bill that it might be driven out of the trade altogether, after many years of successful operation on its own sole merits? Messrs. Taylor's Sons explain this enigma. As the bill now stands only those foreign-built vessels may be admitted to American registry, and to participation in the compensation stipulated in the act, which were either already engaged in trade from United States ports, on February 1, 1899, and at that time either owned in full or in majority by United States citizens, or such foreign-built steamships as may have been under contract for construction, the copies of such contracts having been filed with the Secretary of the Treasury on or before February 1, 1899. "It will be apparent to any fair-minded person," they say, "that such a provision, based upon conditions which must have been complied with nearly two years ago, is most un-American and unjust." That it is unjust we can easily see, but that it is un-American is not so apparent. The House of Representatives passed a bill the other day to kill oleomargarine for the benefit of butter, both being American products and American industries. Why not pass a bill to kill off one American steamship line, or half a dozen, for the benefit of another or another half dozen? The principle is the same. It is only a question of votes.

The question whether Mr. James J. Hill's speech at the Bankers' Club in Chicago on December 8 should be interpreted as favorable to the present Ship-Subsidy Bill or to any subsidy bill, is still an open one. He said that the farmers want better markets for their products, and he believed that if they could have a subsidy paid on the actual amount of such products carried, there would be "some justice" in such a subsidy. The inference is plain that a subsidy computed and paid in any other way, as for instance according to cargo capacity or cargo space, would, in his opinion, be unjust. As for himself, he acknowledged the politeness of the framers of the bill in amending it so that 30 per cent. of the money paid should go to ships on the Pacific Ocean. Still, the Great Northern Railway was building its ships "with or without a subsidy." The inference to be drawn from this business-like observation was that if the American eagle, casting its eye over the national interests, should discern a number of ships building in its honor, and should be so moved with gratitude that it could not refrain from paying an annual bonus to the owners for twenty years, then Mr. Hill would accept the money and place it to the credit of profit and loss; but if the eagle should be otherwise minded, he would go on building just the same. On the whole, we do not think that Mr. Hill's speech contributed much to the chances of the bill in Congress.

That the return of even 9,000 volunteers will embarrass Gen. MacArthur is shown by his reply to the War Department's orders to begin their return. The regiment first entitled to come home cannot be spared, being "in the field," and the others must give up, before leaving, the regular officers associated with them, to perform special duties the necessities for which are constantly growing. The first two regiments and no less than 1,000 volunteer convalescents are to be shipped by January 15. How the remainder are to be landed by June 30 does not appear, although there are twenty-three more regiments to come. Gen. Corbin boldly assures Gen. MacArthur that he will send him "regular regiments to further relieve volunteers," but where are they to come from? Of the regular regiments now existing and not in MacArthur's army or in Cuba, there are only four in the United States proper, exclusive of artillery, and one of these, the Seventh Infantry, is in Alaska. Two or three artillery regiments could be sent by denuding the coast forts, but this is evidently not being considered. What Gen. Corbin means is that Gen. MacArthur's next reinforcements will be some of the regular regiments about to be authorized by Congress. The true inwardness of this announcement of the return of the volunteers is further indicated by the statements that accompanied the correspondence, which declared "positively" that no more troops can be brought home unless the Army Reorganization Bill is passed this week. It is evident that Secretary Root's order just published, warning officers against influencing legislation, does not apply to Gen. Corbin, for a more barefaced departmental attempt to force Congress to act on a particular measure could hardly be conceived.

The difficulty experienced by the Philippine Commission in regulating the liquor traffic in Manila demonstrates that the weaknesses of government by committee are not one whit less great in dealing with subject races than with free-born American citizens. The governors of the archipelago cannot unite, it appears, on the question whether Manila's main streets shall be deprived of their saloons. None the less, a reform measure was passed by a majority vote. One of the Commission, Mr. Ide, is even in favor of forbidding the sale of liquor to the soldiers, in whose interests, as well as in those of public decency, the removal of the saloons to less conspicuous localities was determined upon. The native police, it seems, are also quite unable to deal with the situation when the American soldiers "become hilarious." This looks like a reflection not only upon the

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American soldier, upon the officer in charge of the Manila police, and upon the provost-marshal's military guard, but also upon the discipline of the whole army, and as such we look for immediate and complete denials of the justice of it by those concerned. On the other hand, the exceptions are the able and fearless correspondents and church people, who have not hesitated to declare the wholesale importation of American liquors and the moral condition of the city of Manila a disgrace to Mr. McKinley and his Government. These protestants will welcome this first attempt to deal with the question.

Civil-service reformers have reason for satisfaction over the vote in the House of Representatives on Monday by which a new Veteran Preference Bill was overwhelmingly defeated, receiving only 51 yeas to 105 nays. The scheme was to extend the advantage given by existing law to men who served in the Union army during the civil war to all who were called into the service during the war with Spain, so that any such man who should enter a competitive examination for office and reach only 65 per cent. should have the preference over a man without army record who might secure 100 per cent. On the principle that turn-about is fair play, many Grand Army men favored the proposition, and the danger of offending the "soldier vote" supplied another motive. That, notwithstanding this, over two-thirds of the Representatives opposed the scheme is a gratifying proof of the growing strength of the merit system among politicians.

An ill-conceived plan for the enlargement of the White House is in danger of slipping through Congress. That the architects of the country regard this danger as imminent is shown by a resolution offered to the Institute of American Architects at their late convention in Washington. The resolution was skilfully worded so as to give no personal cause of offence, but the Bingham plan now before Congress was clearly intended. The Institute merely petitions the Senate Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, before considering any plan for the alteration of a "masterly, scholarly, and pleasing example of architecture," to call in the aid of a competent architect or architects; and the Institute stands ready to nominate such an architect to the appointing power. It is hard to see how Congress can fail to honor so reasonable a petition, and if any prejudice against Col. Bingham's scheme were alleged, Congress has merely to ask the opinion of the Supervising Architect to learn why the present plan offends all artistic and historical proprieties. But such considerations have little weight with the army lobby that is believed to be backing Col. Bingham's plan on purely personal grounds. It will require a vigorous expression of public opinion to make sure that, between amateur architecture and Congressional indifference, an historic building is not permanently disfigured.

The financial reports of the athletic committees of Columbia and Pennsylvania on the college year just ended, which have been made public, show enormous expenses incurred, apparently without the slightest idea of the value of money and without any thought as to the desirability of economy in student finance. When a statement, such as that of the University of Pennsylvania, shows that the gross receipts from athletics for the college year amount to nearly $100,000, and that the expenses were $12,000 above that figure, it would seem to indicate that the time for alumni, if not for faculty, interference is at hand. The statement of the Columbia committee is no better. About the only source of income from sport at that university is football, and, with gross receipts of over $40,000, there is a deficit of $8,800, to be added to a further loss of $2,000 on the other sports. Details of the reports show lavish expenditures for theatre tickets, cabs, and dinners, which can scarcely be called training necessities or deemed a part of the legitimate expenses of an athletic team. There is nothing in the age or experience of undergraduates which fits them for the disbursement of such sums. The mere presence of faculty members upon the committees does not seem to check minor extravagances as it should. A radical reform (such as graduate treasurers, as at Harvard), with increased responsibility of all concerned with detailed disbursements, is wanted.

International arbitration scores a distinct success in the adjustment of the boundary dispute between French Guiana and the republic of Brazil. It is impossible to go into a controversy most interesting to geographers, but this much may be said, that before the selection of Switzerland as arbitrator, in 1897, the boundary question was of two hundred years' standing, and three governments in Brazil and half a dozen in France had negotiated without permanent success. The maximum French claim included the coast from the present border of French Guiana to the Amazon, and a vast stretch of the hinterland—in all, 400,000 square kilometres, more than two-thirds of the area of France. The final French claim was for 240,000 square kilometres, still half their European area. There were all the elements of a serious complication, for valuable mining properties had been discovered in the disputed territory. Many Frenchmen worked these mines, and the establishment of great chartered companies on the English model was confidently expected. It was, in fact, an affray at one of the mining towns that pointed the necessity of immediate arbitration. France is now the gainer by about 3,000 square miles to the south and west. Brazil retains all the coast line in question, and the line is established upon the natural boundaries of the Oyapock River and the crest of the Tumac-Humac Mountains.

According to the recently published statistics for the year 1899, the birth-rate in France continues to decrease alarmingly. There were in that year about 10,000 less births than for the year preceding, and the excess of births over deaths was some 30,000 only, out of a total of 847,627 births. When it is remembered that, at most, two out of three children born grow up and reproduce their kind, it will be seen that the total births of the past year in France were about 250,000 short of the number required merely to maintain the present population. In the year 1898 the births in Germany were 1,943,731, more than twice the number in France for the same year. For thirteen years past, this ratio has held, and in seven years more, at the same rate, Germany, approximately the equal of France at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, will have double the population of her western neighbor.

These facts have aroused the gravest apprehensions of French publicists and legislators, and attempts have been made to remedy the situation, both by law and by private initiative. A national alliance for the increase of population in France has an irresistibly comic suggestion. Its work, however, has been serious enough. So far it has merely offered inducements to the raising of large families. By its motion some 85,000 minor officials receive increasing pay proportionately to the increase in their families. When, however, as now, the attempt is made to render childlessness onerous, there is danger of crossing the line that parts the philanthropic from the ridiculous. A certain Senator Piot has introduced a bill to augment the taxes of all persons, male or female, who pass their thirtieth year unwedded. A still heavier penalty is to fall on married couples who have passed five childless years, and to continue until a child is forthcoming. There is in such a law even less of the proverbial French logic than of common sense, for it makes the celibate condition less obnoxious to taxation than the childless wedded state. It may well be doubted if the matter can be reached at all by legislation, but the mere proposal of such laws shows how keenly the French feel the annual indictment of their vital statistics, and how genuine was the problem raised with almost brutal frankness in Zola's 'Fécondité.'

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A CONSCIENCE REPUBLICAN.

The address of ex-President Harrison at Ann Arbor on Friday supplies the needed rallying-point for the men who voted for McKinley in the recent election, but who were opposed to his policy in the Philippines. It is safe to say that Mr. McKinley could not have been reëlected without the votes of such men. If any conservative Democrat of good character had been nominated, the campaign would have had a very different ending. When the smoke of the battle passed away, there was a deep and earnest desire among the class of voters we have described for some strong man of unquestioned Republicanism to speak out and take the lead of this unvoiced sentiment in the party. All eyes turned to Senator Hoar as the proper man for this duty, but the only response heard from that quarter was, that after the Philippines were pacified and the supremacy of law established (presumably by killing the inhabitants), the blessings of liberty would probably be granted to them. No other voice was heard until Mr. McCall made his speech in the House of Representatives. This was in the true spirit, for freedom and self-government, but Mr. McCall could not command the following that Mr. Hoar might have gained, or that he had already gained by former speeches on this question. Such was the situation when Mr. Harrison made his magnificent speech at Ann Arbor. It was an unexpected deliverance. It was known, indeed, that Mr. Harrison was opposed to what is denominated Imperialism, but it was not anticipated that he would make a public declaration of his beliefs. It has been so much the habit of our ex-Presidents to avoid political discussion, except in a brief and desultory way, that a thoroughgoing speech on the Constitutional status of our new belongings came as a surprise. As nothing was more needed, so nothing could have been more weighty. Mr. Harrison's position is such that his gun carries farther in the Republican party than Senator Hoar's or any other.

Mr. Harrison's speech was upon the relation of "our new possessions" and their inhabitants to the United States, and especially upon the question whether the Federal Constitution applies to Porto Rico and the Philippines. He was perfectly frank in the presentation of his views, which were expressed with great clearness and force. As to the legal questions involved, he holds that the Constitution follows the flag; that as Porto Rico and the Philippines are parts of the United States, the fundamental law of the republic applies to them as much as to any other parts of the United States. The ex-President is an able Constitutional lawyer, who has the faculty of making his points so clearly that everybody can see them, and his argument that the Constitution everywhere applies as a whole—not such portions as a President or Congress may choose to apply in one or another section—appeals irresistibly to the mind of the candid layman. He combats the theory that the Constitution applies only to the States, and not to the Territories—a theory which consistent Imperialists have carried to its logical conclusion by claiming that Arizona and New Mexico, like Porto Rico and the Philippines, are outside the protection of our great national charter, and subject to a Congress acting, as Mr. Harrison puts it, "under no restraint except what interest and benevolence impose." This view of the American Constitution he flatly declares to be "shocking." The theory that the Porto Ricans and the Filipinos will be sufficiently protected by the "benevolence" of their rulers at Washington—in other words, Mr. McKinley's policy of "benevolent assimilation"—is treated with contemptuous ridicule and righteous indignation. "The man who has to rely upon benevolence for his laws is a slave," bluntly says Mr. Harrison. He points out that the tea tax against which our forefathers protested was not oppressive, but that they objected to it on the ground that the British Government had no right to levy it. He asserts that it was a mockery to raise the flag in Porto Rico while the Governor stood under it and read a proclamation putting the island outside the Constitution and under Congress. The hypocrisy of the pious claim that has been advanced in behalf of the policy of conquest is exposed with relentless severity. Mr. Harrison asserts that a condition has been created contrary to liberty for a commercial profit, and says that he has been told that the Porto Rican Tariff Law was passed to protect the beet-sugar interests. He waxes sarcastic when he talks of the alleged "duties that Providence has imposed on this country," remarking that we are carrying the white man's burden, but that he has noticed that this means to carry the black man's gold.

This is, or of right ought to be, an epoch-making speech. Everything conspires to give the utterance dignity and weight. It comes from an ex-President, who is reserved by nature and who has spoken on public questions but seldom since his retirement from office. It is a solemn, earnest, and indignant protest against the policy of a Republican Administration from a man who is by instinct a strong partisan, and who has always been loath to condemn the political organization with which he has acted ever since its origin. This ringing cry for the maintenance of the republic's principles is forced from him because he is a patriot, the descendant of a man who fought to establish the Constitution, and himself a soldier in a later war to maintain that Constitution, and as much a believer in the principles of that instrument as his ancestor was in the last century or he himself a generation ago. No question is ever settled until it is settled right. The great question before this nation will never be settled except upon the lines which ex-President Harrison laid down at Ann Arbor. It is only a question of time when it will be so settled.

PHILIPPINE PROGRESS.

The country may well congratulate itself if a change of attitude towards the Filipinos is being forced upon the President and his Cabinet by Republican dissatisfaction with the prospect of indefinite hostilities in the archipelago, as was foreshadowed last week by the *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent. After having complacently swallowed for nearly two years the fictions of Gen. Otis and others as to the approaching end of hostilities (officially announced in 1899 on March 17, April 3, May 8, May 18, August 12, etc.), it appears that the Administration is at last awakening to the fact that the military outlook is "very serious." Coming as this does at the very moment when Congress is upsetting the whole army organization, it can hardly be pleasant. It may even be that the Hong Kong correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* possessed some foundation for his recent sensational dispatches as to the American inability to make headway in the islands and to prevent the traffic in arms and ammunition. Be this as it may, it will be a cause for widespread rejoicing if it appears that the Administration has really been able to grasp the size of the problem before it. On an understanding of the situation arrived at, it may happen that other remedies than extermination will suggest themselves to the Cabinet and to the Republican leaders.

If the Manila *Times*, a leading American newspaper in the Philippines, may be relied upon to give a truthful picture of the situation, Republican dissatisfaction with the outlook is more than warranted. Its issues form a dreary and disheartening collection of tales of misgovernment, of native and American criminals and their crimes, of constant slaughterings of natives, of bloody deeds of revenge, of burned villages and towns, and of native suffering sufficient to satisfy the most morbid taste. One year in Bilbid prison without trial, and when tried declared innocent of robbery—this is the story of Gabino Andres, styled by the *Times* an "intelligent-looking native." The rape of a fourteen-year-old prisoner is the charge against six Manila policemen, according to the *Times*, while some of the Macabebes enlisted in the army are accused of having "burglarized" and completely ransacked the

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house of a respectable woman. From a native contemporary, the *Times* learns that a patrol of soldiers in San Mateo, "fatigued by the monotony of their rounds," were by a "miserable piece of treachery" surrounded and attacked by insurgents summoned by their hosts. The editor of the *Times* himself editorially testifies to the corruption of the Government's court interpreters, but excuses the condition of affairs on the ground that the Government is doing all that it can. Stabbings, shootings, and suicides among the Americans are as regular occurrences as are the prize fights between soldiers in the Manila Athletic Club, in which civilizing displays the garrison regiments, the Twentieth and Twenty-first Infantry and Sixth Artillery, were well represented on November 17.

In plain sight of eighty Filipinos there was murdered about the same time the native tailor of E troop, Fourth Cavalry, near the Manila Country Club, the reason being his failure to obey a summons to return to his place in the native ranks. None of the spectators arrested the murderers, who walked away. Of three American soldiers who started forth in a native cart to arrest suspected insurgents in the outskirts of Manila without the permission of their officers, two "disappeared." Guided by the third, troops reached the place where it was *thought* that the men had been done away with, and burned every house. "Not a shack was left standing," but the inhabitants escaped, having fled at the mere approach of the troops. Similarly there disappeared a drunken private of the Signal Corps in the interior of Luzon, after having fired a peaceful village for his own amusement. It is reported that the natives put a prompt end to this civilizer.

Rosario, a village in the Batangas district, was recently completely destroyed by fire by American troops, with a view to the destruction of Filipino stores and munitions of war, which the invaders "had reason to believe" were stored in the village. The church and the convent were spared. Capt. George W. Beigler of the Twenty-eighth Infantry, and his men, slaughtered seventy-five Filipinos in a trench, both ends of which the Americans occupied. The dead lay within a space of fifteen yards, the Americans killing them as they ran out. The account of this glorious deed is to be found in the *Times* also, as well as the manly revenge for the death of Lieut. Max Wagner, Twenty-sixth Infantry, when fifty-two natives were killed, although there was no proof whatever that they had ambushed the dead lieutenant. It is not unnatural that, under these circumstances, the southern islands should again be reported to be suffering greatly, or that Señor Buencamino should appeal to the Philippine Commission for their aid in rebuilding a road through a country nearly ruined by war and typhoons. Only prompt action, he says, will prevent the complete ruin of this once prosperous Luzon province of Pampanga by hunger, sickness, and theft.

Through all this sickening record, taken at random from the *Times*, there comes an occasional glimpse of the activity of the Philippine Commission—such as an order for a civil-service system; plans for schools and money for their improvement; here a costly project for the improvement of the harbor of Manila, and there the rebuilding of military roads. Nowhere is there the slightest evidence of a growing cordiality between natives and Americans, nowhere a sign that the two races have begun to understand each other or to live on other terms than of veiled or open hostility. In Manila itself the frequent arrests of Filipino recruiting officers give color to the stories of Aguinaldo's having been in the city, and prove that Filipino officers are willing to run great danger in behalf of their cause. They even risk coming before one of the many American military tribunals which pass upon questions of life and death, and weigh legal evidence with all the experience given to them by years of company drills in frontier posts and by recruiting duty in our large cities, their numerous death sentences being generally reversed by Gen. MacArthur.

It must be plain that this state of affairs cannot go on for ever. Either the Administration must tire of it and decide that humanity is, after all, the best policy, or it must call for the reconcentrado and still bloodier policies. The concentration plan is now being tried in South Africa, with which our own situation in the East still forms a close parallel, and at least one English service paper speaks with disgust of Roberts's "fatuous weakness" in handling the Boers thus far. It is for Americans of all kinds and conditions to prevent the continuance of the present policy in the Philippines by prompt and persistent protest to the authorities, on the grounds of decency, justice, and humanity. We have heard much of our inability to give up the Philippines because of our honor before the world. It may well be that a prompt relinquishment of the islands, or a complete change of policy, will alone save the United States from a bitterer humiliation than any yet realized by those whose curious honor permits the extermination of a people, but prevents doing them simple justice.

THE PARALYSIS OF THE TREATY-MAKING POWER.

The United States is rapidly coming to be regarded by the other great Powers as a nation which is not able to make a treaty. We have been trying to conclude important international agreements during the past fifteen years, but have seen one after another of them go to wreck in the Senate. It is needless to enumerate the long and melancholy list. Whether the President was Cleveland or Harrison or McKinley, whether the negotiators were Democratic or Republican, the power of the Senate to ratify treaties has been mainly exercised as the power to kill treaties. Three valuable conventions with Great Britain have been broken on the Senate's veto. The Chief of State has made treaties with France and Germany, but the Senate has said with a sneer, "They reckon ill who leave me out," and has brought the whole work to the ground. With or without intention, we seem to the world to have stripped ourselves of a leading attribute of sovereignty—the power to make treaties.

That the result is badly to impair our national prestige admits of no question. Already foreign writers on government and international relations are beginning to say that it is absolutely worth no country's while to attempt to make a treaty with the United States. The President may be conciliatory, the Secretary of State may be willing to agree, but there is always the intractable Senate to say us nay; so what is the use? This is a most humiliating thing to be truthfully said of a great nation. It leaves us in a contemptible position. Treaties between nations are like social obligations between individuals; and the nation, like the man, that does not observe them is apt to be sent to Coventry. These repeated fiascos, in the case of weighty international agreements, put us very much in the awkward plight of a country gentleman who should graciously invite his neighbors to joint use of a shady lane, but should warn them at the same time that certain ill-conditioned cousins of his would give them a clubbing if they attempted to walk there.

In a newly hatched and loudly cackling "world-power," this inability to make a treaty is little short of ludicrous. To be a world-power means at least to meet other powerful nations on equal terms. It is, indeed, an essential function of world-powers to make agreements with each other for their reciprocal advantage and for the peace of the world. But here we are, thrusting ourselves into the company of the great Powers, and at the same time confessing that we cannot bear ourselves as a great Power should. We cannot make, or at any rate cannot complete, a "gentleman's agreement." It is as if we sought membership in an expensive club, and got promptly posted for non-payment of dues. It is all very well to say that foreigners ought to understand the playful ways of our Senate,

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and to bear in mind that it is an essential part of the American treaty-making power. What they see, after repeated demonstration, is that the Senate makes waste paper of all that the President and his authorized agents can do. "Very well, then," they will say, when next approached for the adjustment of some international grievance, "first produce the advice and consent of the Senate, for otherwise we shall simply be wasting our time and yours." This would not be a very respectful way of addressing the chosen rulers of a world-power, but if we condemn ourselves to the attitude of a world-feebleness, what can we expect?

The brute obstructive position which the Senate now so regularly assumes in the presence of all capital treaties submitted to it, is the strange effect of many complex causes. One of them lies, undoubtedly, in the singular mixture of functions assigned to the Senate by the Constitution. It is a Privy Council and a legislative body in one. Curiously enough, the perils of such a union were foreseen in the Constitutional Convention, and a proposal was made that there should be a Privy Council in addition to the Senate. This would have had more support if the future development of the Senate could have been unfolded before the gaze of the fathers and founders. At first, in truth, the Senate was very like a Privy Council. Its membership was small. Its sessions were all in secret. It played but a small part in legislation, compared with the House. But a hundred years have changed all that. A body of ninety men is a ridiculously large number to act as the confidential advisers of the President. Moreover, the Senate has come to be indisputably far the more powerful legislative house. It shapes ten laws to its will where the Representatives have their way in one. And just here is where the huge mischief comes in as respects treaties. They cannot be separated, in the minds of Senators, from great matters of legislation before them. They confuse their function as Privy Councillors with their functions as legislators. Any one can see, for example, that the forces antagonistic to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty are inspired by ulterior motives. It is not simply that the opposing Senators desire to beat the treaty, or cut the spinal column out of it, but that they have their eye on other measures, which they hope that the fate of the treaty will retard or advance, as the case may be. Votes cast for or against the treaty are really cast for or against a canal bill, a ship-subsidy bill, railroad legislation, or what not.

It is, then, through a Constitutional displacement, so to speak, combined with the degeneracy of the character of the Senate, that that body has come to have its present unhappy reputation as the great assassin of treaties. The result is before us, and is enough to make our cheeks tingle with shame. To be given a bad name among the nations in consequence of failure after failure to ratify what they consider a solemn promise made by the head of our Government, is a real disgrace. The loss of a battle could not humiliate us more. The remedy is simple, as far as suggestion goes, though we admit it will be immensely difficult to apply it. If the Senate could be remanded to its old and proper place in legislation, and its membership restored to its ancient standard of broad-minded statesmanship, the trouble would be largely overcome. But this would imply a House of Representatives and a President ready to stand up for their Constitutional prerogatives against a usurping Senate. Neither of these is visible on the Washington horizon, however, and so we seem doomed to go on for a time with a Senate in which prejudice and selfish interests and sinister motives shall prevail over the higher considerations of international good will and the peace of the world. Yet, unless there be a change, the United States will continue to enjoy the unenviable distinction of being the only great nation which is powerless to make a treaty.

SENATOR HANNA'S SPEECH.

In his speech on behalf of the Ship-Subsidy Bill, familiarly known as the "Hanna-Payne Bill," Senator Hanna made himself responsible for certain figures purporting to give the amounts received for carrying the mails by the principal Atlantic lines. These are the figures that represent the lamentable condition which it is sought to correct by the bill; and as Senator Hanna acknowledges himself to be one of the authors of the bill, it seems reasonable to expect accuracy of statement on so important a matter, where the facts can be readily obtained from official documents.

Senator Hanna said that, with a subsidy of $290,000 a year each, the vessels of the American Line would not earn as much as was earned by the vessels of the Cunard and White Star Lines under the mail pay received from Great Britain. Now here are the facts: In the official report of the Superintendent of Foreign Mails, issued by the United State Post-office Department on October 23 last, on page 6 it is stated that the American Line, for carrying from New York 825,339,773 grammes of letters and prints, received from the Government a compensation of $647.278.40. It is interesting, in connection with this, to observe that the Cunard Line, for carrying 849,618,113 grammes, received from the same source only $184,721.04, and that the White Star Line, for carrying 209,113,953 grammes, received only $48,820.71. But taking the amount officially stated as having been paid to the American Line for this mail service ($647,278.40), and comparing it with the recent reports of the British Postmaster-General, it appears that the subvention paid by the British Admiralty to the Cunard Line was £15,000 ($75,000), and to the White Star line £14,600 ($73,000), for one year, and that in addition to this the total amount paid for the carriage of mails from the United Kingdom to New York during the year was £107,694—say about $500,000; that is, the entire subvention paid by the British Government to the White Star and Cunard Lines, plus the entire cost of the carriage of the mails *by all vessels* from the United Kingdom to the port of New York, was $648,000, as against $1,160,000 per annum which four vessels of the American Line would receive under the proposed bill, even adopting Senator Hanna's own figures.

If the *Congressional Record* were examined to find the excuses assigned for Government gifts to favored industries, it could be shown that this scarecrow of foreign aid to competing enterprises has been worked upon the public with the greatest regularity, but probably never with a more utter disregard of the facts than now. It is well known that the aids given by the British Government to certain great mail-carrying lines to India, China, and Australia are given for political rather than commercial purposes, and are made necessary for the purpose of maintaining connection with the scattered colonies of the empire, whose freight and passenger traffic would not justify or support the lines which are absolutely required for Government purposes; yet England, which controls about half the tonnage of the world, pays subsidy amounting to only 53 cents per ton on its sea-going steam tonnage, while the United States, on tonnage of the same character, pays under the *existing* postal subsidy $1.23 per ton, all of which is apparent on pages 3 and 18 of the report of the majority of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, filed on March 31 last in support of this very bill.

Mr. Hanna declared in a triumphant way that the four ships of the American Line, which are the carriers of the United States mail, have never made a dollar of net profits. He did not say whether the company has been well managed or not. Consequently there was a defect in his logic almost as marked as the difference between the figures he gave concerning the mail-pay of the Cunard and White Star Lines and the correct ones. It is quite possible that a company might not make any net profits, however large its gross earnings might be. Everything depends on the

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management. Senator Lindsay asked Mr. Hanna if it were true that the American Line, even with the proposed subsidy, would not earn as much as the Cunard Line or the White Star Line, and Mr. Hanna replied that in his belief it was true. Naturally Mr. Lindsay did not see what was the use of passing the bill in that case. Finally Mr. Hanna declared that he was seeking to promote patriotism and pride in our national life. He put the Subsidy Bill on higher grounds than dollars and cents. It was for the interest of the whole people, he said, that the bill should pass. His theory is that money collected from the taxpayers and put into the hands of ship-owners and ship-builders will diffuse itself through the community in a satisfactory way, especially if it is paid to those who are not making any net profits now. We think the results would be even more satisfactory if the money were distributed to the people of the United States per capita, and that if any preference were shown, it should be to those who are able to make a fair living by their own exertions.

Mr. Hanna's argument as a whole seems to be merely an amplification of the statement made by Mr. Clyde, one of the members of the "Maritime Committee" (of which Mr. Hanna is also a member), in his argument before the House Committee last winter. Mr. Clyde is himself one of the beneficiaries of the proposed Subsidy Bill, although we believe not one of the originators. He belongs rather to the class of old-fashioned, steady-going ship-owners, who did not know how much they needed Government aid till somebody else told them. Having been persuaded, however, that he had pocket-room for any share coming to him under the bill, he took a purely business view of the subject, which is expressed in the following words:

> "If we are satisfied, we who expect to share the direct benefits of this bill, to begin with—if we are satisfied to see one single member [Griscom] of that [Maritime] Committee receive that much money, in whose affairs we have no interest whatever, we think you can be sure that he is not getting more than the service he renders is fairly worth. . . . If we can agree among ourselves as to how that money can be distributed so as to do the most good and build up the largest possible merchant marine, I do not think that you should give weight to the adverse criticisms of people who have had no practical experience in the ownership or operation of ships."

This appears to have been Mr. Hanna's view also, although he did not express it as frankly as Mr. Clyde did.

AN EXAMPLE FOR GOVERNORS.

A year ago the people of Massachusetts tried the experiment of electing to the Governorship a plain business man, who had little taste for the ornamental functions of the office, but a great capacity for executive work. His first term, under the system of annual elections which Massachusetts still maintains, is about closing. Mr. W. Murray Crane comes of a family which for many years has successfully conducted the industry of paper-manufacturing in Dalton, a small town in the Western part of the State. He is in middle life and has maintained the business traditions of his house, while at the same time showing an intelligent interest in public affairs and a hearty sympathy with good causes. He was given one office after another of growing importance, until in 1896 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor, and three years later he was promoted to the position of "His Excellency," as the Massachusetts Constitution styles the Chief Executive.

Gov. Crane's address to the Legislature, upon his inauguration last January, gave the public a welcome surprise by its brevity; it would fall considerably short of filling two pages of this newspaper. It was so brief that it is safe to say ten people read it where one would have waded through a message of three times its length. It was as pointed as it was brief. Beginning with a statement that the financial condition of the Commonwealth was the most important subject to come before the lawmakers, he set forth the situation in detail and said:

> "The lesson which the figures of this debt statement teach is that Massachusetts has reached a limit of indebtedness beyond which she should not go. It is time to call a halt. The Commonwealth needs a breathing-spell for financial recuperation. Rigid economy must be exercised in appropriations and expenditures."

The system of government by commissions has been carried very far in Massachusetts. The new Governor declared that inquiry and reflection had confirmed an opinion which he had held for some time, that the best interests of the public service would be advanced by a revision of some of these commissions. The Massachusetts Legislature, like that of New York, has often interfered in the government of the State's chief city. Gov. Crane expressed positive views on this question:

> "Cities and towns should be let alone, to work out their own municipal problems. It is in the end no kindness to them to be granted authority by the Commonwealth to assume financial burdens which are prohibited by general laws. A wiser policy would be to compel them to live within their means, the Legislature imposing its superior authority only when it is clear that an extraordinary emergency exists."

The legislators found that the Executive meant what he said. When they proceeded to pass bills that contravened his urgent recommendations, he promptly vetoed them. The Governor had laid stress upon the especial necessity of avoiding further indebtedness for the so-called "Metropolitan district," which includes much of Boston's suburban territory, and in which heavy obligations have been assumed for great parks, an increased water-supply, improved drainage, and sanitation. "I recommend," he said, "that a stop be made at once to the authorization of expenditures for new work in this district." When the Legislature, nevertheless, passed two bills authorizing the expenditure of $755,000 and $200,000 for parkways and driveways therein, he referred to his protest in January against such action, and said that his convictions had only been strengthened by his experience since then, declared that "the ease with which great financial burdens are imposed or assumed is a tendency of the times which, in my opinion, needs to be checked," and refused his signature.

When bill after bill was pushed through the Legislature authorizing Boston to incur indebtedness for a municipal building, a park, playgrounds, and additional schoolhouses, he pointed out that a law had been recently enacted increasing the tax limit and the debt limit of the city, chiefly in order to avoid such applications to the Legislature; reminded the legislators that those measures contravened his recommendation of January in opposition to the tendency of the State to interfere in the local affairs of cities and towns, and in one case usurped authority that should be exercised by the Mayor and City Council; and he vetoed every one of them.

The spoilsmen tried their hand at breaking down the merit system by getting a bill passed which would allow call substitutes in the Boston Fire Department to be made permanent members of the force without a civil-service examination. It did not affect many men, but it involved a great principle, and the Governor vetoed it in a brief but cogent message, which served as the death-knell for other bills, of the same sort, but of a more pernicious character, which were on the calendars. Perhaps the most important exercise of this power was in regard to the Westminster Chambers Bill. In 1898 the Legislature had passed a law restricting to ninety feet the height of any building to be erected in certain streets adjacent to Copley Square in Boston. A syndicate of wealthy capitalists was then putting up a large building which they wanted to have ninety-six feet high; they made it of that height, and then appealed to the Legislature to condone their offence by passing a special law for their benefit. The Legislature readily complied, but the Governor refused his sanction to a measure "intended to relieve citizens of the Commonwealth from the consequences of deliberate disregard of the provisions of a statute," declaring that "the vital point involved is not the appearance of the building or the difficulties under which the owners labor, but it is rather whether law may be violated only to be excused or condoned."

Every one of the Governor's vetoes

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was sustained by the Legislature, while the knowledge that the Executive axe was still in condition for further use prevented the passage of many objectionable measures which would otherwise have been pushed through.

The Governor rendered a great service to the State by turning his business ability to account in an emergency. The Commonwealth had long held 50,000 shares of stock in the Fitchburg Railroad Company, nominally worth about $5,500,000, but in fact considered so valueless that, in his address last January, the Governor remarked incidentally that, as no income was derived from these shares, they were not carried on the State Treasurer's books as an asset. Suddenly the Boston and Maine proposed to lease the Fitchburg Road. The Governor saw the opportunity and insisted upon certain conditions of State approval of the lease, under which this stock was converted into gold bonds that will bring an annual revenue of $163,641 into the State Treasury.

Such have been the chief features in Gov. Crane's administration. We do not think that any Governor-elect could find a better example for his study than the Massachusetts Executive has thus furnished.

THE CLERGY MILITANT.

I am entertained by the surprise and horror expressed in England by a number of writers and thinkers over the operations which are marking the close of the Boer war. This, I consider, is a fair illustration of the ignorance with which all wars are entered into. Hard fighting is expected in all of them, but the people who begin them always expect them to end very soon, yet in time to put the bravery of the soldiers in a striking light. Every one anticipates that the last battle or skirmish will be fought just to suit the convenience of the victor, who always wants to hang anybody that keeps the conflict going longer than he likes. I was talking to an officer in the Guards in London last year, just before the Boer war broke out, about the length of time it would probably last. I asked him, first, whether he thought there would be any war, for it had not yet begun, and he replied that there certainly would, for if there were not a war, it would be the ruin of Chamberlain. I then asked him how long he thought it would last, and he answered, three months, because he expected the Boers to disperse immediately, as militiamen usually do when they come in contact with regular troops. This, I think, was the general opinion of the British public. The obstinacy of the Boer resistance has been a great surprise.

As a matter of fact, all really earnest insurrectionary movements have been protracted longer than the victor thought they ought to have been, and they have had to be ended by martial law, in some form or other. This is the way in which Cromwell pacified Ireland; the way in which Alva pacified the Netherlands, in which Turkey pacified Greece, in which Louis XIV. pacified the Cevennes, in which Napoleon pacified Spain, in which the Prussians pacified France, and in which we are pacifying the Philippines. We all remember how short the Cuban war was expected to be, and still more the Philippine war. The Philippine war was to end in a month, but the blackguards have been keeping it up for about two years. It is just as easy for the stronger power to bring the conflict to an end as for the weaker one; in fact, much easier. But the weaker power is supposed to have less right to keep on fighting than the stronger; and the stronger keeps on fighting as long as there is any resistance, and is held entitled to kill everybody who keeps up this resistance. This is so well known that the suprise and lamentation expended over the Boer resistance are mysterious. It is the history of all wars of subjugation. The rule is that the weaker party must submit or die. This is one of the great beauties of war.

This delusion has been greatly helped during this later war-revival by the readiness of the clergy to take part in it. Until now they have, as a rule, at least in Protestant countries, abstained from praising the killing of people as an aid to the diffusion of the gospel. But an immense stimulus has been given to man's natural propensity to kill his fellows by religious or semi-religious poetry. The poets have been extremely desirous of glorifying man when he is engaged in killing. The amount of verse expended on this is one of the saddest things in the literary history of humanity. From the first war-song of the savage down to Rudyard Kipling's poetry is an immense space of time, but this space has been filled by very much the same sort of stuff. The butchery of human beings has received almost as much attention from the poets as has been accorded to their loves.

Our sacred literature, too, is full of similes drawn from the battle-fields. Everything is done by the soldiers themselves to make war seem a picturesque business. The uniform, the serried ranks, the glittering steel, the martial music—all help to quicken the blood of even the most timid, and hide from him the horrors of actual warfare. In fact, an army engaged in the work for which it was embodied and trained undertakes the most shocking and anti-social task to which man can turn himself. Nothing can be more squalid, filthy, or inhuman than actual war, and to think that it should be the means of deciding disputes between civilized nations which are capable of producing jurists and publicists of the first rank!

The reinforcement of war by the Christian ministry seems to be largely due to the slighter hold which is retained by ministers on their congregations, at least in countries where the voluntary system prevails. The old reverence for the minister no longer exists. In a large number of the country towns he is simply a hired man, whose retention of his place depends largely on his preaching in a way to please the deacons. Consequently, every means has to be resorted to to satisfy the congregation, including agreement with the majority concerning the political questions of the day, such as war. There is no better way of pleasing it, if it be warlike, than praying for "the success of our arms." "The success of our arms," "the protection of our soldiers," are among the numerous phrases by which the preacher seeks to veil from the Almighty the real object of his petition. If preachers would resolutely state with particulars what it is they are asking for, the cause of peace would receive a great impetus. Wars would greatly diminish in number, particularly now that the masses have begun to climb up and jostle each other on "the glory-crowned heights."

The attempt usually made to bamboozle the Creator of the universe about the nature and object of war is the grossest attempt of humanity at deception. If preachers were honest, they would, on the outbreak of a war, pray for what actually occurs in every war, successful or unsuccessful. They would approach the Throne of Grace with a petition that the enemy might have his optic nerve cut out by a ball; that he might have his pelvis smashed; that he might be disembowelled; that he might lose one or two legs; that he might lie on the field thirty-six hours, mortally wounded; that he might die of enteric fever; that his provisions and water might give out; that his house might be burned, and his family left roofless and starving. In this way, the real nature of the war would be laid before the public carrying it on, and something would be done to disabuse the minds of the young men and their parents of the idea that war is simply a kind of diversion, in the nature of a football game, which will elevate their character and improve their health and increase their business.

E. L. G.

MALTA AND THE QUESTION OF LANGUAGE.

FLORENCE, November 25, 1900.

"Much ado about nothing," say the English in Malta, and at home, anent the present agitation caused by the recent decision of the British Government, that the language of the law-courts, hitherto exclusively Italian, shall henceforward be both English and Italian, and that fifteen years hence it shall be English only. "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good," say we, even if it be of the blustering, flustering kind that envelops Mr. Chamberlain in all climes and at all seasons. But for the Colonial Secretary's incurable vulgarity, the pleasure he takes in being disagreeable, in doing right things in the rudest way, the question of "language in Malta" might have been settled amicably, and, by the united efforts of cultured Maltese and the Dante Alighieri Society, the study of the Italian language would have been carried on quietly, so that at the end of the fifteen years prescribed it might hold its own as the written and spoken tongue of Malta and Gozo. But, owing to the aforesaid blustering, the question has become a burning one. There is scarcely a newspaper in Italy but has long correspondences and leading articles on the subject, with which are mixed up political and religious discussions, neither wise nor temperate, nor calculated to enlist English sympathies on the side of the debaters.

It seems curious, after a century of dominion, that only now should such a question arise, but it is only fair to successive English Governments to admit that however questionable may have been their methods for obtaining, at the close of the eighteenth century, possession of the islands so coveted by all the European Powers, they have kept faith with the islanders and fulfilled their promise to respect the Italian language and the Roman Catholic religion. But this has not been done without considerable protests on the part of the English residents and the

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English garrison, on account of the difficulties arising from the adoption in the Maltese law-courts of a language which is neither that of the immense majority of the people, nor of the Government. The Maltese, as a whole, still speak the *lingua franca*, a corrupt Arabic, with many Hebrew and Greek words intermixed, and with an increasing number of Italian words pronounced in the queerest fashion. This vernacular can neither be read nor written; and though attempts have been made to write it in Roman characters, many of its sounds cannot be expressed save by an Oriental alphabet. Maltese children have to be taught either English or Italian before they can acquire any information from books, and this is one of the chief reasons why the masses remain more densely ignorant than on any other islands in the Mediterranean. One of the reasons, we say; the other being the determination of the priests to maintain them in ignorance, objecting to English as the language of heretics, to Italian because since 1849 the Italians have shown themselves determined opponents of the temporal power of the Popes, and since its overthrow in 1870 the hostility has increased with accelerated velocity. The English, who number between two and three thousand, do not care to learn Italian, as many of them reside in Malta for a time only, changing with the change of garrison; hence it is easy to see how the difficulty often frustrates the administration of justice. True, the laws of the island are published in both English and Italian, but in the law-courts the barristers plead in Italian only, and witnesses must express themselves in the same tongue or trust to interpreters. The jury, generally composed of English and Maltese, have to come to a verdict without a clear idea of the facts of the case; the judge sums up and passes sentence of acquittal or condemnation in Italian, and, especially in the case of British soldiers and sailors, the condemned never feel that they have had a fair trial.

After a long series of grumblings and protests, the chronic discontent was brought to a crisis after the trial of an English officer, who, not understanding a word of Italian, had to trust entirely to interpreters. On reading his own statement, as rendered in the translation, he denied its correctness, and refused to sign the *procès-verbal*. For this the judge committed him to prison for contempt of court. The Governor of the island warmly espoused his cause, insisted on and obtained his release, upon which followed a hot discussion in the Maltese and English press, and the subsequent decision that henceforward the double language—English and Italian—should be adopted in the law-courts. So far so good; but why add the rider that, after fifteen years have elapsed, the English language shall alone prevail? If it be right that English residents and English garrisons shall have justice administered in their own tongue, is it equitable that the educated portions of the Maltese shall have said justice administered in a tongue that is not theirs?

The Maltese are not a conquered race, nor have they ever considered themselves as such, and every attempt to encroach on such liberty as remains to them has been resisted with an energy and persistence that does them credit. Though they submit on the whole tranquilly and submissively to British dominion, they never forget that their ancient Constitution, their popular Council, granted by Roger of Sicily, destroyed by the Knights of Malta, was that they demanded from the French when Bonaparte wrested the islands from the last grand master of the Knights, the Austrian Hompesch, and that his scornful denial of the suzerainty of the King of the Two Sicilies, whose rights he promised to "demolish with bullets"; his enforcement of the French language in the schools; the demolition of their convents, the despoiling of their churches, the insulting epithets applied to the Pope in the French official *Gazette de Malte*, so exasperated the people, masses as well as classes, that they rose up in rebellion and appealed for protection and assistance to their liege lord Ferdinand, King of the Two Sicilies in name, an exile and fugitive at Palermo in fact. Neither do they forget that, in answer to that appeal, Nelson, who, after the victory of Abukir, had anchored in Maltese waters, was sent by the King of Sicily to their assistance, and that, throughout the siege and long after the capitulation of the French and their exit from the island, that astute Admiral kept up the comedy of acting only as his Majesty's representative; the Maltese actually subscribing out of their own pockets for the expense of the war and for the supplies which they obtained from Sicily.

The Maltese objected to the restoration of their island to the Knights, and, in an interminable address to his Britannic Majesty, expounded their grievances, reminding him that they were the first to take up arms against the French, and blockade them in the town and fortress of La Valetta; that they had lost 20,000 men during the war, whereas the English had not lost a single soldier; that they had done all this to be rid of the French, and that, this effected, they altogether declined to be handed back to the Knights of Malta, which would be tantamount to being delivered bound into the hands of Bonaparte. They affirmed their desire for independence, subject to the suzerainty of the King of the Two Sicilies; failing this possibility, they were "willing to become subjects of the good British King, who is known to act as a father to his children"; or, still better, to have their independence recognized and remain under the protection of Great Britain. The deputies are assured that they have the hearty good will of his British Majesty and people, but are reminded that as Great Britain is one of the signers of the Treaty of Amiens, the demands of the Maltese cannot be formally acceded to. Meanwhile three months and many more pass by, but the British troops neither evacuate the fortresses, nor does the fleet quit the Maltese waters, nor are the Knights of Malta allowed to take possession, nor are the 2,000 troops, which the King of the Two Sicilies is to send to their defence for one year, allowed to land. "Without Malta," wrote Bonaparte to the Directory, "the Mediterranean will never be a French lake"; hence his anxiety for peace which should turn the English out of the island, while on the other hand England reopened war with France almost exclusively to obtain a pretext to remain in Malta. The Maltese regarded this as the best of a bad solution, and the seventh article of the Treaty of Paris runs: "L'île de Malte et ses dépendences appartiendront en toute propriété et souveraineté à sa Majesté Britannique."

From the moment of their union to Great Britain, the Maltese persistently forwarded a series of protests and lists of grievances to the home Government, either directly or, when he condescended to receive them, through the local Governor. They complained of the first Governor Maitland's abuse of power, and he was bidden to maintain complete separation between the legislative and executive authority on the one hand and the judicial authority on the other; but the Maltese maintained that it was to regain their legislative independence that they had refused to submit again to the Knights of Jerusalem, and they insisted strongly on the right of direct petition. The Marquis of Hastings, second Governor, was conciliatory, but gave great offence by allowing a Methodist chapel to be built, Maltese workmen refusing to assist in its erection. Then, on the death of the Catholic Bishop of Malta, ensued a contest between the King of Naples and the Pope, as to who should name his successor. Then followed a fight to obtain trial by jury and a reform of the civil and military codes, and an attempt was made then and there to introduce English legislation and the English language in the courts of law. This brought the island very near to an insurrection, but the home Government yielded, and the Napoleonic code and the Italian language were adopted between 1831 and 1834. Next came the inauguration of the Council of Government. The Catholic Bishop refused to take the oath unless authorized by the Pope, who refused his consent, seeing that it bound the taker "to do nothing that should injure the Protestant religion or the Protestant Government in the United Kingdom." The home Government decided that the Council should be elected without the Bishop. Next came the question of the liberty of the press, which was granted in 1848.

Presently it was found that the Governor of Malta ought not to be a military man, and, as Sir Patrick Stuart had come to grief by disallowing carnival festivals on Sunday, a civilian and a Catholic replaced him in the person of R. More O'Ferrall, who was hailed with universal applause, but he gave offence by appointing an English surgeon to the office of Comptroller of Charitable Institutions, which much needed reform. Then came the reformed Council of Government. Letters patent ordained that the Council should consist of eighteen members, ten of whom were to be men holding offices under Government, and eight to be unofficial members elected by the people every five years. At the first election three priests were chosen, at the second four; at the third, five out of the eight were Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. When the revision of the Penal Code came in, this "Popish Council" started with the assertion that, the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church being the sole dominant in these islands, the code which took for its basis the equality of all religions was illegal, as the pastor, the mufti, and the rabbi would be equally protected with the Catholic priest. Canon Amato was mild in his demands, but Monsignor Fitemi affirmed "that there is no law which can be quoted to justify the exercise of any other worship than that of the Catholic religion," and he trusted that the Council would "abstain from giving any legal recognition to that church." The amendment, that the words "dominant in Malta" be omitted, was negatived by eleven votes to five. Thus the

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"Reformed Council" denied the Church of England any legal status, and naturally the English residents and the Bishop of Gibraltar came to the front. The result was that the Queen refused to sanction the measure, and, during the administration of Sir William Reid, issued new letters patent by which all ecclesiastics were rendered ineligible to the Council. But the priests "out of Council" were dominant in all else. The new Governor, Sir William Reid, devoted himself to educational reform of the primary schools and of the university, but was thwarted at every step by the priests, who, among other prohibitions, forbade native merchants and office-holders to send their children to private schools lest they should be tainted with heresy. A recent instance of their intolerance is the fact that they have actually succeeded in preventing a single religious commemoration of the late King Humbert in any of the churches. It is their "dominant power" that checkmates all progress. One Governor in 1865 appointed a commission to inquire into the state of education in the island. Mr. Emilio Sceberras, a much respected Maltese gentleman, and Dr. Baker, professor of the University of Corfù, were members. Their report says the senior classes were unable to read correctly, that the pupils broke down in the conjugation of the simplest verbs, in both Italian and English. In the primary schools, "Italian reading and dictation indifferent; scarcely any knowledge of the meaning of the words. English bad, no knowledge of the subject read. Arithmetic, three out of twenty-seven pupils in one school succeeded, after a considerable time, in working out a short sum in simple multiplication." Summing up, it was found "that neither the English, Italian, nor Maltese languages was taught, and that of arithmetic, history, and geography the pupils knew next to nothing."

According to the census of 1891, the population stood at 163,850, English 2,201, foreigners 1,117. There were ninety public schools, with 11,000 pupils, with a university, a lyceum, and two secondary schools. But, according to recent reports, the quantity of schools has increased, the quality of the teaching has not ameliorated. And now that the Government may be considered to a certain extent representative, as the Governor is "assisted" by an Executive Council and a Council of Government, consisting, according to the Constitution of 1887, of six official and fourteen elected members, it really is the fault of the Maltese themselves if, allowing the priests entire domination, this state of abject ignorance continues. And if it continues for the next fifteen years, the salvation of the Italian language will be a thing past praying for. As now, the aspirants for office under Government *must* know English, parents will not oppose the study of English in the schools, but, as the study of Italian will be entirely voluntary, unless the educated Maltese put their shoulders to the wheel they will find themselves out in the cold decidedly.

Wise old Robert of Gloucester, who survived the eventful years of the civil war of the reign of Henry III., left a useful lesson for posterity. He accepted the Norman conquest as a fact, even as a divine judgment, regarding Edgar the Atheling, and not Harold, as the lawful King of England. What he reproached the English for was "that they, following the example of their conquerors, speak French." "Only here," he says, "in the world do the people speak another language than the mother tongue. But it is well to understand French as well as English, for the more one knows the more he is worth." And from his time downwards the mother tongue regained its ascendancy. If the Maltese will condescend to a similar course, they will find that even of Mr. Chamberlain's inurbanity it may be said, *Tutto il male non vien per nuocere.*

J. W. M.

"NEW ART" AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

NEW YORK, December, 1900.

A general exhibition of human work when held in Paris is certain to be rich in those works of art and industry, together and indistinguishable, which make up what we commonly call decorative art. And there is this about such an exhibition in Paris, that the French, alone of modern peoples, have managed to keep clear in their minds the unbroken connection between fine art of the higher and more expressional character and that which is almost exclusively matter of adornment, or even of display. The Frenchman knows that there is no distinction which any one can be sure of between the costly carving in hard, semi-precious materials, sumptuous rather than thoughtful, and the subtile imaginings of Whistler or Puvis. And so, although he makes pretence to keep the "fine arts" by themselves on one side of the river and the "polite arts" in another building on the south bank, this proves to be merely a form, and his phrase *les beaux-arts*, to be merely a popular way of designating the framed canvas and panel, the free statue and the group. In the Exposition of 1900 the two palaces, Grand Palais and Petit Palais, are assumed to be the home of the fine arts more commonly so called—easel pictures, prints, bas-reliefs, portable statues, architectural drawings, and the rest; but the smaller one is filled with a retrospective exhibition of French art since the Gallo-Roman times, and this, of necessity, consists more largely of tapestries, ornamental furniture, metal work, enamelling, glass, pottery, and decorative carving than of painting or sculpture in the more common sense of those terms. On the other hand, the great building, Le Grand Palais, in which French art of the present century is housed in its two divisions of the first nine decades and the single last decade of the century, shows a notable invasion of such pieces of work as in any other surrounding would be called in the vulgar tongue bric-à-brac, or in more dignified language *objets d'art*. This is shown in a sufficient way by the retrospective collection of furniture.

Probably some of the letters from Paris which you have printed already, contain the statement that each department of the Exhibition, each section, has its own retrospective show combined with the display of modern work. Furniture is no exception to this rule; and, while a large number of splendid pieces of all epochs from the fourteenth century to the year 1800 are gathered in the Petit Palais, and while those of the present century are grouped in a large room of the Grand Palais, there is still required a vast space in the buildings of the Esplanade south of the Seine to contain the retrospective exhibition of furniture properly so called, and which must of necessity be shown alongside of the work of the Parisian makers of the moment. Moreover, this remarkable display may be extended at will, and at very slight cost of time and effort on the student's part, by observation of the Garde-Meuble, close at hand, on the Quai d'Orsay.

In this department, however, the modern Paris workmen have not much to show that is at once novel and instructive. The buyer of furniture may be better off in Paris than anywhere else, because the assured touch of the designer working on old traditional lines is more to be trusted than the vagaries, however attractive, of the deliberate seeker after originality. Buy your furniture of the Paris workmen, the conservative adviser might say, but by all means go to England and to Germany, and also to the Viennese, for an interesting inquiry into what the bolder designer thinks can be done with those movables which make life easy. Accept the style of Louis XVI. or Louis XV. for your rooms, by all means, and let modern Paris adapt it to your needs; so you will be quite sure in advance of what you ought to have and how you will like it. But study, rather, the marvels of modern whimsicality, because among them a spark of real information may be shining. When, in fine or decorative art, any workman is seeking rather for novelty than for excellence in the old ways, his work is sure to be less satisfying; but it may have ideas in it, troublesome and useful ideas. And of all this modern designing and untraditional character, perhaps the boldest and assuredly the most generally employed is what is called by its cultivators the New Art. This *art nouveau* is said to have originated in the dreams of a Belgian architect, but it was snatched up instantly by German and English industrial artists, and by at least one French master. It consists mainly in an attempted reduction of all forms, constructional and ornamental alike, to abstract curves, and these so arranged in series and so combined that an effect is produced suggesting perhaps some vegetable scroll pattern, but rather the forms of Arabic letters in wall inscriptions, which forms must be thought to develop themselves instinctively from the hand and under the eye of the calligraphist.

This new decorative motive may be thought to develop itself as naturally under the instinctively moving hand of him who tries to imagine how the leg of a table or the upright of a screen may be bent from the vertical and worked into some form more attractive to the eye. In metal-work the thing can be done, naturally and easily. It may even be thought a matter of absolutely individual taste how far the combination of curves, as in wrought-iron—curves at first slow and almost invisible, but then growing rapidly more decided, and ending almost in volutes—how far such work in abstract curvature may please, for the moment, or may be thought to satisfy a more critical examination. Here is a grille, a fixed or swinging grating of iron; and its curves, which seem to one critic most crazily tossed about, may seem to another well calculated for effect, and even suggestive of construction. Here is a round dish of hard gray pottery, upon which is mounted a rim of block-tin, and the bright metal shows against the bluish-gray earthenware along an outline as much diversified with strange and indescrib-

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able curves as the mind and hand of the worker could make it.

In an interior such as that of the Viennese school of decorative art at this Exhibition, we note that the medallions which are filled by representative painting—by views of scenes and incidents—are enclosed by a curved bordering which takes shapes not wholly disagreeable. A medallion may be bordered by abstract curves which suggest nothing; it need not be round, need not be square; the student goes no farther back than the time of Louis XV. to find very satisfactory medallions bounded by abstract curves. A medallion may be of any shape; the bounding edge may be rectangular, or of geometrical curve, or of wholly undescribed and indescribable curvature, and nothing but the pleasantness of the resulting form is to be considered even for a moment. The division between one surface and another surface is and must be an abstract line—there is no escaping from that. If we see a round dish hanging against a wall, the actual outline which the eye preserves, the boundary between that pottery surface and that panelled or painted surface behind it, is an abstract curve, and one which the observer will find it hard to describe. The case changes as soon as the abstract curves in question are asked to do the duty of chief decorative elements. In this very room which we are in a way considering, the panels which are not filled by descriptive painting are scrawled—that is the word—scrawled over with slender lines suggested by nothing that one can recall in nature or in previous art, except that there is something a little Egyptian in the way in which patches of color are set within bounding outlines. These slender lines are carried up and across, in and out, making angles with each other, or forming indescribable curves which are more or less closely concentric or parallel to one another—more or less often tangent or nearly so to one another, more or less contrasting with one another, more or less diverging from each other.

Let the reader imagine himself in a bare room with a potful of color and a big, coarse paint-brush; let him go at the walls with no idea in the world but that of drawing lines of about uniform thickness which shall twist about or run straight as the momentary whim seizes him. He will find that, almost without deliberate purpose, his line runs for a while parallel to the trim of a door, and then suddenly breaks away from it and forms irregular curves which will be more or less pleasant in their curvature as his eye and hand are more or less trained, and as his spirit is more or less refined in such matters as this. He will enjoy the fun; he will find it the most amusing thing in the world to carry five lines, vertically, parallel to the door trim, window trim, or corner of his room, and then, at a height of five or six or eight feet above the floor, to cause these lines suddenly to diverge one from the other, and, as they diverge, to form curves which seem to echo one another for a while, and then suddenly dash one across the other in headlong confusion. To bring some kind of a design out of this sort of work will be extremely entertaining. If he sees this work a week later, he may still find some enjoyment in it. But now let him call in some one else to design a room of this spirit and to do it more deliberately—let him spend money upon a room decorated in this way, and if he can endure the result a month later, he will be made of different stuff from any art student whom the present writer has had the pleasure of consulting.

When this sort of design is put into solid metal work, the abstract curves are, or seem to be, justifiable in the very way in which the lines drawn on the wall were justifiable—that is to say, thin iron bars are as easy to twist into one curve as another, and the labor of so twisting them is scarcely greater than that of tracing the painted line which has been imagined above. An iron grille so designed is capable of the same kind of momentary pleasure-giving influence that the painted curves are. The result will be equally unsatisfactory in the end, except when there is some significance given to the lines by the apparent utility of the metal bar as tying, sustaining, separating, uniting parts of the construction. But the reader will observe that the moment this is to be said of any one of the curves in question, it ceases to be an abstract curve in the sense in which we have been using that term—it unites itself at once with the whole vast forces of nature, which, because not at all times visible, are not on that account less valuable to the designer. Your iron gate seems to be held up better by the resilient nature of the curve given to the iron bar which seems to support that gate (whether it does so or not). You have here, too, a reason for your curve, and the thing is lifted out of the department of *l'art nouveau* by that very fact. Even without this, however, the iron bars can be endured now and then if they are arranged according to this school of abstract curvature.

Now let the student try the same thing in woodwork, and he will find immediately that the material is far less yielding, and that the curves of *l'art nouveau* are not easily produced therein. In the very same room which has been in question above, that of the Austrian School of Decorative Art, there is furniture of this kind. In adjoining rooms—in the German exhibit, most of all, perhaps, in the separate pavilion put up by the Paris dealer Bing, and dedicated to *l'art nouveau*—there is much of it. The front of a glass case, the doors of a book-case, the sash of a window has the wooden sash-bars—which we more often see drawn straight from edge to edge of the space to be filled with glass—curved. There must be a bar reaching from the bottom to the top of the glass door, but this bar may be so sawed out of wood or so bent by the steaming of a thin bar of wood that it ceases to be straight, and assumes a curve almost exactly that which the designer has imagined. "Very good, then," says the designer, "we will not have any more straight lines; we will bend these bars, and we will try to make the curves which they assume help one another and be attractive in themselves as pieces of abstract curvature." In no case, however, are they attractive, or can they endure even a moment's examination. In every case the effect is unlovely, and has a shock ready prepared for the observer of discriminating taste—that is, for the observer who feels the difference between the possible charm of this and of that form. Finally, to close this too long analysis, these same abstract curves, when used for the lead sash bars holding the glass which is to close and adorn the openings themselves, are doing their worst possible mischief, and are producing their ugliest effect. There are studies in ornamental glass in these pavilions, as there are in the celebrated and carefully designed Castel Béranger in the Rue La Fontaine, in which it does seem that the utmost possible bad taste is attained, so ludicrously inappropriate to the material, both of the lead outline and of the glass filling, are the long, nearly parallel, slowly diverging curves.

Everything that the present writer has noted at the Exhibition tends to confirm the feeling which is growing upon all those designers whose work he has learned to respect and whose opinions he knows—the feeling that nothing can be done without close adherence to tradition. La Farge, in his paper on Puvis de Chavannes published in *Scribner's Magazine* for this month, quotes Puvis as saying to his pupils that they should beware of tradition and use it only for a guide. And that is a beautiful thing to read—a fine thing, an instructive thing to hear coming from the lips of the one man of our own time who held the noblest traditions of the painter's art and knew how to use them as they were used of old. For such a traditionalist as Puvis to say "Beware of tradition," is to say the thing which his pupils must have needed more than any other one thing; but to the would-be introducer of things wholly novel and designed on general principles, Puvis himself would say: "Stick to tradition, worship tradition, believe that tradition is the first thing which the designer needs!"

What is the reason why the curved woodwork of the modern designers, German, Austrian, French, and British, is so hideous, when the curved legs of a table made in France about 1775, or during the forty years which followed, by imitators all over the European world were nearly always endurable and sometimes even lovely? We have tables in our simple American homes in which the slender legs gather slowly together as they reach downward from the heavier top, or, if you please, spread outward slowly as they mount from their little claw-foot bases; in which, moreover, they follow, as they diverge from one another, the most graceful and subtile curves, a slow and hardly perceptible curve passing more rapidly into the claw-foot below and into the heavier mass of wood above provided for the framing of part into part. Why are these forms attractive when the forms of *l'art nouveau* are hideous? Partly, no doubt, because we are accustomed to them; partly so; but less and less so as the observer is more and more accustomed to art of many schools and of many epochs. Chiefly, without doubt, because the curves of the eighteenth-century workmen were the result of slow development, of changes imperceptibly made from year to year, the tradition beginning in unfathomed depths of time, and coming slowly down through generation after generation of workmen to the time when the wood was carved, the lead cast and filed, the iron hammered. One is almost ready to say that in all this vast world of decorative art there is nothing really worth seeing, the traditional origin of which is not traceable by the well-instructed inquirer. That is extravagant, no doubt; no doubt there are cases where it would be hard to trace the original study of natural form—to name the *causa causans;* but it is not too much to say that there is nothing really fine, in our time, nothing really worth looking at more than twice, which has not taken its goodness from the

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restudy of traditional motives and meanings.

As there is nothing in the way of study more useful than the challenging of one's own conclusions, that they may explain themselves and prove what they contain of too hasty generalization, it may be well to go suddenly from this modern furniture to something which, at first blush, does seem very nearly non-traditional—namely, the jewelry of René Lalique. The cases of his jewelry are in a place where the curious public, which drags its weary feet everywhere throughout these long, these endless galleries, is more apt to find it than is the student whose time is fully occupied with looking at the thousand things which come easily within his reach, in his own chosen field. Many a student of decorative art leaves the Paris Exhibition without seeing the Lalique jewelry, unless, indeed, some friend who has made jewelry his study bids him go there, if not for jewelry, then for design. Lalique is a working jeweller, and his cases are among the display of those personal adornments which fill the extreme southern-end building on the Esplanade—a crowded, disagreeable part of the Exhibition as one would wish to see. The saying is passed from visitor to visitor that this jeweller makes his works of art for the individual who is to wear them, and has nothing for sale; that he acts with his customers as Worth is said to have acted in his time; that he considers the color of eyes, and hair, and skin, the stature, the figure, the poise of the lady, before he even allows her to think of the kind of necklace, comb, or breast ornament which she is to have from him. Believe this, if you choose, or reject it as inconceivable in the case of a master mechanic working for the pleasure of his clients and his own resulting advancement; it is still evident that there is here as much invention in the artistic sense, as much ingenuity in the way of combining the results of invention, and as much boldness in the way of producing what the mind suggests, as can be found anywhere in modern applied fine art. The chignon comb whose upstanding ridge is composed entirely of an ornament *à jour*—that is, pierced and carved on both sides—has for its motive just such a congeries of flying bats as the Japanese offer as a suggestion to every such workman; and, by skilful addition to the scheme, these bats are held together by ball-shaped jewels, of pearly and lustrous water, giving the pale, moonlight effect which at once agrees with the suggestion made by the night-flying creatures themselves. The breast ornament formed of nine intertwisted serpents, of which one, and the largest, dominates the group with yawning jaws, while from the open mouths of the other eight there hang long pendants of rough pearls, held together chain-fashion by little hooks and rings, is distinguished in several ways; first, the color of the animal; second, the working of the surface of each serpent into a scaled pattern for the belly, and a ribbed and rounded pattern for the back; third, the life-likeness of the creatures in the convolutions of neck, body, and tail, in the action of the gaping jaws, and in the singular suggestion of the wisteria-blossom given by the pendants of inexpensive baroque pearls of no great size and of no rarity at all; fourth, in the general agreeableness of the outline and mass of the whole piece. And, right here, the person who has taken offence at *l'art nouveau* might sit down in front of the jewel in question and ask himself whether it would be possible to design such a thing without reference to serpents and wisteria flowers. The answer would be, No. Certainly, in the light of Lalique's work, there can be but one conclusion which forces itself upon the thinker's mind, the conclusion that Mother Nature is the best nurse; probably because of her experience as a mother. This artist is at one with our masters, the Orientals, who, in the persons of the Chinese for a thousand years, and now in the persons of the Japanese, and always in the persons of the Persians, and after them the people of India, have been silently, and by force of example, teaching the European world more than it ever will acknowledge in the way of fine art. Where this jewelry is fine, it shows the most sagacious study of Nature, and restudy of the adaptations of Nature. It is modern designing of the right kind, in spite of the too-frequent clumsiness of its parts; nor could there be imagined a better corrective for the vagaries of *l'art nouveau* than this decorative work, which seems, at first glance, so nearly allied to it

RUSSELL STURGIS.

Correspondence.

CONSTANTIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with great interest the "appreciation" of Francis Parkman which Mr. Godkin lately presented in your columns. It seems to me to furnish the occasion to address him some remarks upon his own connection with public affairs, and especially upon that virtue of "constantia" which he so clearly defines. I presume that I have read nearly everything that Mr. Godkin has written for publication during the last thirty years, and I may thus be regarded as not unqualified to pass judgment. I have not only read, but also remembered; and I do not hesitate to say that this body of argument and criticism is the finest example of "constantia" which our generation has witnessed. It is difficult to say which is more admirable, the substantial basis of reason on which these opinions are founded, or the unflinching courage with which they have been maintained. Of the doctrine which they conveyed, it is not too much to say that it interrupted the "dogmatic slumber" concerning the principles of government into which the educated portion of the community had sunken, owing to the collapse of all respectable opposition to the Republican party. It awakened young men especially to the knowledge that the administration of public affairs was a matter requiring not only honesty but also capacity; and that no one deserved the name of statesman who was unacquainted with the lessons of history, or ignorant of the great ethical principles on the observance of which free government depends.

Such an achievement as this, Mr. Godkin could, of course, not allude to; but his tone is such as to make it doubtful if he is aware of it. He refers to Seward, Calhoun, Webster, and Clay as "men of light and leading." Calhoun, it is true, was an example of constancy; but it would be difficult to prove that he was very influential. If any one were to dig up the speeches of Clay and Seward in search of "light and leading," he would be painfully disappointed. Webster is, perhaps, the most conspicuous example in our history of the change of "political clothing" for fear of "getting left." Probably the clearest, most powerful, and most condensed argument in support of free trade ever constructed is to be found in a speech which he made about 1820; but he afterwards defended protection because the New England manufacturers desired it. As to slavery, it is only necessary to recall his 7th of March speech. Yet there was in him such a solid framework of reasoned knowledge as made his influence enduring, while the others are mere names. No one pretends that his political convictions would be different from what they are had Clay and Seward never existed, just as in a few years no one will pretend that he has derived political wisdom from Bryan or McKinley.

Depressed by the gloom of the base ideals and ignoble desires animating the public men who are now in power, Mr. Godkin forgets the enduring nature of his own lofty message. But truth is imperishable, nor is it dependent on living teachers. Once made known to man, it can no more be eradicated from his soul than can hope itself. Its compelling force is like the cords of love, and whoever has once listened to it is never thereafter the same. What matters it that Thucydides and Tacitus, that Adam Smith and Washington and Mill are spirits and not breathing voices? Did their wisdom vanish with them? Will it not for all time inspire men of sane mind and generous heart, and raise up prophets from the seed of the prophets? Let not our great teacher think that his influence will cease when his voice is silent. *Facem prætendisti ardentem*, we say to him; and though the flame may flicker and sink, it will rise again to give light and leading so long as reason endures and the love of justice and freedom are not extinct. Mr. Godkin's disciples are more than he knows, and he has spoken words so deeply potent that, as I recall them, I cry out, "My dust would hear him and beat, had I lain for a century dead!"

So much by way of Christmas greeting to my old teacher from

A FAITHFUL READER.

December, 1900.

LYNCHINGS ONCE MORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Moncure D. Conway, in a recent issue of the New York *Times*, having criticised the remarks on lynchings made by Gov. Theodore Roosevelt at the Albany Conference on Charities and Correction, it seems but fair to say that each of these eminent men has stated the truth so far as their knowledge extends in the limited field of their own observation.

In the case of the Governor, the first mention of lynch law no doubt calls to his mind the many cases where frontier justice has been meted out largely as a result of the conditions he describes, and with which his experience has made him intimately acquainted. During the rapid growth of the Far West after the war of the rebellion, the machinery of justice was extremely tardy in development. The lack of restraining influences led to many deeds of lawlessness, until for protection people took the law into

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their own hands and dealt swift justice. Not that the avengers always represented the law-abiding class of the community—they were often friends of the defunct or injured individuals; but the more these happenings partook of a spirit of revenge, the sooner and more apparent became the need of organized action on the part of law-abiding citizens.

These punishments were given without regard to race or color. In my own experience, extending over five years in the wildest part of the Southwestern frontier, I never knew of summary punishment being visited on any but two negroes; they had been guilty of robbing the mails of pay-checks belonging to railroad employees. They were carried several hundred miles to prison, where, the dilatory action of the authorities being only too apparent, they were taken out and flogged and told to leave the country. The only wonder was that more severe measures were not adopted when they were first apprehended.

Mr. Conway's experience, however, has been in the South, where courts of justice have long been established, but where undoubtedly the strong race prejudice against the negro has caused, and still continues to cause, the horrible barbarities recorded so frequently in the daily papers. Mr. Conway's long and eminent service in behalf of these oppressed people gives him undoubted authority in this field of observation, but renders him unable to deal intelligently with the wholly diverse conditions on the Western frontier.

Each of these two earnest and fearless men knows thoroughly about the conditions of which he talks, but each is ignorant in the domain of the other.

CHAS. F. LAWTON.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., December 10, 1900.

THE WONDERFUL CENTURY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: All through the year 1900 I have been watching the leading periodicals for some article, or series of articles, on the changes which the hundred years from 1800 to 1900 have wrought in the world, under something like the following heads:

First, the new conveniences in daily life, such as the lucifer match, the steel pen, the sewing-machine, the typewriter, the bicycle, the photograph.

Then, the conveniences furnished to the dwellers in cities from a central source—water-pipes and sewer connections in the houses, gas supply for light and for heating, electric lights, and telephones.

Then, the labor-saving appliances—the improvements in the steam-engine, the dynamo, and use of electricity as motive power, the power press, the typesetting machine, the sewing-machine in the factory, the steam plough, the reaper and mower, the vast improvements in weaving-looms and in spindles, the still greater improvements in smelting iron and turning it into steel, and in making rails and steel ships, with much more on the same lines.

The improvements in firearms on land and sea, resulting in a revolution in the art of war.

The progress in physics and chemistry, which made these advances in practical life possible.

The quicker communication between place and place, by means of the railroad and the locomotive or the electric car, the river steamboat, and the ocean steamship with its growing velocity, the instantaneous sending of news over land and sea with or without wires, the long-distance telephone, which verifies one of the wildest dreams of the 'Arabian Nights.'

The growth, I might say the birth, of those sciences which are not applicable to the arts of life, such as historical geology and palæontology, leading to the Darwinian theory of evolution, the history of early humanity as read in the monuments of Egypt, of Nineveh, Babylon, and Nippur, of Troy, Mykenæ, and so forth.

The progress in medical knowledge, such as the use of anæsthetics, of the antiseptic method, of the antitoxins, the disuse of bloodletting, the greater care in preventing disease by public cleanliness, especially in the water supply of cities, with the consequent greatly lessened mortality.

The effects upon religious and political thought of all this progress in wealth-production, in comfort, and in knowledge.

The conquest by the European nations of the Mohammedan and heathen world in Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, now almost completed.

The gradual absorption of the smaller states into great nations and into still greater empires.

The growth of the English-speaking peoples, next to them that of Russia and of Germany, and the comparative effacement of France and Austria.

The great advance of Democracy—France again a republic, having remained such for thirty years, the United States now the foremost nation in almost every element of power, Great Britain a monarchy only in name, and Parliamentary institutions firmly established in Germany, in Austria-Hungary, in Italy, even in Japan.

Here is room for thirteen highly interesting essays. L. N. D.

LOUISVILLE, KY., December 10, 1900.

[As the century still lacks completion, our correspondent need not despair of seeing his desire gratified.—ED. NATION.]

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For ten years now, from the inside and from the out, I have been observing intercollegiate debating. I have always heard at least one debate a year, generally two, frequently more. But during this whole period, as I recall it, I have listened to only one discussion from which, it seemed to me, an outsider of ordinary intelligence, given to reading the newspapers, could have obtained any enlightenment or any information. Good speeches there have been, and in plenty; cases, too, showing considerable logical power; but the discussions, taken as a whole, have invariably left one with the feeling that much of importance had been left unsaid, and that little had been said to the point.

The debate in Sanders Theatre of a week ago between Harvard and Yale only bears out this criticism. The debate was certainly up to, perhaps above, the average. Nevertheless, I venture to say not only that no one in the audience had his conviction changed—this, possibly, is too much to expect—but that the number who knew more after the debate than before as to the merits of the question (the retention of the Philippine Islands) was infinitesimally small. Yet half-a-dozen capital speeches were made, and made, moreover, by speakers who, I fancy, are better acquainted with the subject than ninety-nine out of a hundred men in public life.

Now, this result is certainly unfortunate. Of course, it doesn't detract from the importance of the debates as training for public affairs and for citizenship, but it does limit their usefulness to that, and that alone. It makes them public academic exercises of no real value in themselves—little better than the so-called oratorical contests. But should this be? It seems to me not. There is no reason why men from twenty to twenty-six should not say something about a political question well worth listening to by those with no interest in the speakers personally or in the occasion. Or, if there be a reason, it must lie not in the nature of things, but in the schoolboy methods followed by the debaters.

Under the present scheme for debates, adopted by Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia, there are three main speeches and three rebuttal speeches on each side. Each of these is to a greater or less extent prepared in advance—prepared, it is true, so far as possible, with reference to the opposing case, yet prepared so rigidly that, if the other side offers a line of argument different from that anticipated, the original plan must, nevertheless, be carried out. The end of it all is that only by chance or unusual prescience do the two cases get together; that much time is wasted over irrelevant and minor points, to be admitted later; and that the real issues are never fully developed till the very end, when, of course, they have only a meagre, half-hearted treatment. In addition, there is always a deal of uninstructive talk about the meaning of terms, the sources of evidence, the reliability of quotations, and the like. Naturally, the effect isn't calculated to provoke enthusiasm from one who is after information, who wishes to learn.

But is this inevitable—is there not a remedy? I think there is, a simple one, near at hand: to take over to debating the method employed by lawyers to inform a court and opposing counsel of their case, namely, by submitting briefs. Let each college be required before a debate to hand to its opponent and to the judges a syllabus, setting forth the chief arguments to be relied on and the citations. That this would work a radical change in the debates, no one, I am sure, can doubt; and that the change would be wholly for good seems to me quite as clear. At the very least, it would insure a more thorough, intelligent discussion of essentials. Whether the improvement would be so great as to give the debates real value on their own account is more conjectural. But, so far as the conditions of actual contests before courts and referees are introduced, just so far the meetings will cease to be academic, and will become worth while, not as training, but for themselves.

RALPH CURTIS RINGWALT.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., December 12, 1900.

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Notes.

The Oxford University Press will publish, shortly after the turn of the year, a probably final edition of the Complete Works of Bishop Berkeley, being Prof. A. Campbell Fraser's thorough overhauling of his 1871 edition in three octavo volumes. The introduction and notes have been practically rewritten, and a brief new biography will be a further feature of the revision, which requires four volumes instead of three.

Brentano's, having acquired the sole right to publish in the United States Rostand's "L'Aiglon" in the original French, will bring it out immediately.

Mr. Francis P. Harper renders a pious service in publishing a collection of 'Early New York Homes.' The work will be complete in ten parts. Taking the first part as an earnest of the whole, the large octavo volume will be in every way handsome typographically. The illustrations from photographs and old prints measurably escape the defects of "process"; the vignettes and other printer's decorations, representing appropriately old-time houses or household utensils, are by C. G. Moller, jr., and the text is in the competent hands of William S. Pelletreau. In the present sample, we should prefer mention of a mere street-number to the picture of a quite modern building which occupies the site of Capt. Kidd's house. Of the ordinary edition 525 copies only will be printed. For the more fastidious collector there is a still smaller edition of twenty-five, with Japan paper and duplicate plates as the added inducement.

Minerva, that incomparable annual for the learned world (Strassburg: K. J. Trübner; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) offers its tenth volume to the new century. Its size has more than trebled, nearly quadrupled, in the decade, corresponding to an enlargement of its scope beyond university bounds. Dr. Trübner has dispensed with former assistance in the compilation, and now assumes the full responsibility for its merits or demerits. To those not familiar with this work, whose index of names (*Personal-register*) covers 161 pages of four columns each, we can convey some idea of its utility by stating that a whole page closely printed in full width is required merely to enumerate the universities and colleges, schools of technology, agricultural colleges and theological seminaries, libraries, museums, observatories, learned societies, and miscellaneous bodies and institutions of the United States alone, whose personnel is subsequently recorded, together with the principal facts in the history and constitution of each. Extend this to like organizations all over the globe, and the enormous convenience of *Minerva* becomes apparent at a glance—along with the extreme and disinterested labor that has collected all this information and this galaxy of names not allied with "strenuousness" in the Bobadilian sense. The regulation portrait frontispiece is of a hero of true science—Wilhelm Conrad Röntgen, etched by J. Lindner.

An essay might be written on the fate of the "belle" in this country, since the time when our cities were small enough to make a preëminent beauty the talk and the pride of the town. In the first third of the present century Miss Emily Marshall was the unquestioned beauty of Boston, but who can say who is now its belle *par excellence?* Is there even *a* belle of Baltimore any longer? Mrs. Virginia Tatnall Peacock has been moved to celebrate in a book the 'Famous Belles of the Nineteenth Century' (Philadelphia: Lippincott), and has executed her task with taste and restraint, and with sectional impartiality. Her style is rather pleasantly Southern, as where it gilds the old "public functionary," James Buchanan, with a halo of romance unknown to any other occupant of the Presidential office. She sketches the lives of Miss Marshall, whose portrait is at the front (reproduced for the first time in color), Harriet Lane, Sallie Ward, Elizabeth Patterson, Theodosia Burr, Jessie Benton, Kate Chase, Jennie Jerome (Lady Randolph Churchill), Mary Victoria Leiter (Baroness Curzon of Kedleston), etc., etc. There are more portraits than accompanying sketches, and these give the holiday character to the book. If one asks, Would the latter end of the century accept the judgment of the earlier in the matter of good looks?—here is material for an answer, but, perhaps, not so satisfactory as the next century will enjoy, with a full line of photographic counterfeit presentments.

A long familiarity with Hindu life has given Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller the right to speak with authority in regard to the subject employed as the title of her little book. 'The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood' (Fleming H. Revell Co.). The various phases of wretchedness are well described, and the pitiful condition of Hindu women is made clear enough, though it is not quite so clear why it is necessary to wait for every woman in India to hear the gospel in order to get "the real remedy." On the contrary, two things are shown unintentionally, but plainly, in this little volume. First, that all reform must come from without, by compulsion; second, that the English, who have done so much good work in reforming India, are at present afraid to press their power. As infanticide has been reduced and in some phases entirely put down by British law; as the practice of burning widows has been abolished by the same means; so must the English take the initiative in suppressing child-marriages. Mrs. Fuller herself admits that the women of India will be the last to give up their own wrongs. The simple style of the author is marred by awkwardness—redundant *thats* (pp. 92, 93), and such inexplicable sentences as the one on p. 154: "Rajput infanticide as it has, and does to some extent still exist in India." Six per thousand is not indicated by 0.6 (*sic*, p. 268), which may be corrected in another edition, as should be corrected also the two solecisms in English found in one sentence on p. 97: "We would have been glad to have overlooked the subject." But Mrs. Fuller writes out of the heart rather than the head, and her tale of woe is related with graphic earnestness. Occasionally, too, a sidelight is thrown on other personages in India, and those innocent Americans who think that travelled Hindus are good expositors of their country's faith may be benefited by Mrs. Fuller's incidental remark about Vivekananda: "The success he was reputed to have achieved in the West has won him reverence here [in India]. He was practically unknown till then."

Mr. George Neilson's 'John Barbour: Poet and Translator' (London: Kegan Paul) is a reprint, in a limited edition, of a paper first published in the Transactions of the Philological Society. Mr. Neilson undertakes to rescue the "Troy Fragments" and the 'Legends of the Saints' for Barbour. In the first case, he has the testimony of the scribe on his side; in the second, there is no external evidence, the ascription to the author of the 'Bruce' originating in a conjecture of the late Henry Bradshaw. The adverse arguments are mainly linguistic. In the course of his studies, Mr. Neilson was led to ascribe to Barbour 'The Buik of Alexander,' a fine old Scottish romance, first printed in 1580 and usually thought to date from 1438. He relies in the main on parallel passages, of which he produces a formidable array. It would take much space to discuss this interesting paper as it deserves. Mr. Neilson writes with enthusiastic conviction, and, if he has not proved his case, he has at least thrown a fresh apple of discord into the assembly of philologists.

Welcome in its cover of ocean blue is the last volume of the Hakluyt Society on the Voyage of John Saris to Japan in 1613. It is edited from contemporary records by Sir Ernest M. Satow, for nearly forty years in or associated with Japan, and now British Minister in Pekin, who last August, in London, was happily able to deliver his manuscript of the introduction — almost as valuable as the record of Saris himself—and to write the preface. It is a book to delight the old resident in Japan, to quicken his memory, and to enrich his dream-hours. With a reproduction of Linschoten's map of the Eastern seas, abundant explanatory notes rich in scholarship, and a capital index, with several portraits of shoguns and daimios whom Saris saw, the book-lover has in this volume all he desires. It is very pleasant also to see the uncouth spelling of Japanese names set forth in correct form in the notes. Sir Ernest Satow has been able to solve many a puzzle that has baffled others who were very courageous but less ably equipped. Some of the cacographic knots, however, remain uncut or disentangled, but these seem to be of small importance. The value of the text consists in its vivid pictures of Japanese feudal life, which show how virtually unaltered that life continued to be down to 1868. Besides the air near the large cities, poisoned because of the effluvium from the decayed human bodies still hanging on the bamboo crosses—matched by similar sights in England, on Temple Bar or at the cross-roads, of which Pope complained—there was also a new street song about the "black ships" of the foreigners, just as, in Perry's day, a fresh one was composed. The Englishmen were then called "Koreans" and "Chinamen," just as the reviewer remembers that he was often so called by the country people. Saris's expedition was simply one of venture, and no further English commerce was noted. He did not again tempt fortune in the East, but married in England, died in 1643, and was buried in the church at Fulham. We are glad to see in the list of subscribers to the Society many American libraries.

Effingham Wilson, London, has published a translation of the 'Maritime Codes of Italy,' by Judge Raikes of the English bench. This is the third volume and fifth code translated and edited by Dr. Raikes, who is one of the most competent authorities upon maritime jurisprudence now liv-

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ing. The main difficulty with the Italian codes arises from the fact that, though they are identical for the whole kingdom of Italy, the former kingdoms of Sardinia and the Two Sicilies, as well as the Duchy of Parma and the States of the Church, have still their own legal hierarchy, and the interpretation put upon the law by any one of these courts does not bind the others, and it is consequently never safe to rely on a decision except in the place where it has been given. With this in mind, Italy should have been more ready to appreciate the difficulty that we have in controlling State authorities and State courts in matters in which our foreign relations are involved. The parts of the maritime codes of Italy which apply in time of war refer mainly to the distribution of prize money, the use of neutral ports, and the duties of unarmed merchant vessels. The comments and references made by Judge Raikes upon the various articles are very full, and include in many cases the mention of the practice and law of other countries in similar cases.

The eleventh volume of "Harvard Studies in Classical Philology," now published by the University, contains, like the earlier volumes, contributions by instructors and graduates of the University. There are in all ten papers, varying in length from forty-five pages assigned to the elaborate introductory essay on the sacred processions among the Greeks, which is written in Latin, to the two pages of notes on the "Phormio" by the lamented young scholar, Dr. H. W. Hayley. The important place which archæology holds to-day in the study of the classics is shown very clearly in this volume, for of the ten contributions only four may be described as philological, namely, the treatise on nominal compounds in Latin, "Conjectural Emendations of the Homeric Hymns," an interpretation of συγγενὴς ὀφθαλμός of Pindar's Fifth Pythian Ode, and the "Notes on the Phormio." On the other hand, six are archæological in character, and these are built entirely, or to a considerable degree, upon epigraphic remains. The student of Roman religion will find much to interest him in the evidences of the existence of Oriental cults in the Roman province of Britain which have been gathered by Professor Moore, who has made a careful study of the few inscriptions that throw light upon this subject. "Notes on the Worship of the Roman Emperors in Spain" is also a study of inscriptional texts. Illustrations are given with the two strictly archæological contributions—the one, on an Etruscan mirror from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, bearing a design showing the death of Ajax; the other, on ancient Roman curb bits. Prof. Minton Warren brings the volume to a close with two notes entitled "Epigraphica." In one he discusses the word *IOVESTOD=iustod*, found in the archaic inscription recently discovered in the Roman Forum, associating it with *ioveset=iussit* of the Duenos inscription; in the other, he questions the form *coenalia* of an archaic inscription giving the details of a kitchen scene engraved on a Prænestine box, the location of which is at present unknown. The standard of excellent and scholarly treatment established in the earlier volumes is fully maintained in the present number.

That M. Eissler's 'Metallurgy of Gold' (London: Crosby, Lockwood & Co.; New York: Van Nostrand) has run through five editions, is in itself proof of its value. It is in the main a mere compilation, but loaded down with less superfluous and effete stuffing than swells the bulk of many of the technical handbooks, especially of those treating of so old an art as metallurgy. What original matter the book contains is confined to the chapters on the cyanide method of extraction, and the Siemens-Halski application of electricity to that most recent device for winning gold cheaply from its more complex ores. To this method has been largely due the success of gold-mining in the Transvaal, and consequently, and not very remotely, the war which is still smouldering there, with all the resulting political complications. While gold-mining and gold-milling are, in comparison with the mining and metallurgy of iron, insignificant as national industries, there is, and always has been, a more irresistible fascination about them than attaches to any other metal. The exquisite beauty of pure gold; the ease with which it yields to the artist's touch; its high value; its wide diffusion through the rocks of every geological age, and geographically over the face of all the earth, while the localities in which it is mined with a profit are very few—all these circumstances lend a charm to gold-mining, and add a special temptation to different minds to stake generally more than is prudent on the chance of drawing a prize in this most risky of mining lotteries. A handbook such as this on the 'Metallurgy of Gold,' owing to the simplicity of most of the processes for recovering it, is more intelligible to the lay reader than any other metallurgical treatise; nevertheless it would hardly be found interesting as general reading, or afford the uninitiated a safe guide for speculative investments in gold stocks. The tables extracted from the reports of public companies which are gathering gold in the most remote parts of both hemispheres, give the economist and statistician valuable information and material for speculating on the future supply of gold as a medium of exchange.

A translation of Flaubert's 'Salammbô,' *in usum puellarum*, has been prepared by Mme. Zenaïde A. Ragozin (Putnams). If we admit that the popularizer of a great classic is justified in slashing right and left through the original text, merely with a view to reducing it to the limits of a gift-book for children, the work before us has been well and conscientiously done. Whatever the original contained of purely erotic passion has disappeared, and many of the more tedious descriptions are compressed or liberally truncated. The translation itself shows a good working familiarity with both English and French.

In 'Les Thénard,' Mr. Alfred Prost presents the annals of a family distinguished for four generations in more than one artistic direction, but chiefly for histrionic talent (Paris: Ernest Leroux). It is difficult to see what ulterior purpose the book can serve, for neither the historical setting of the narrative nor the accounts of stage successes seem to be developed with satisfying fulness. As exhibiting the varying fortunes of a family whose first prominent members acted before the Sansculottes, while the last designed the cannon presented by Napoleon III. to Queen Victoria, this monograph contains many interesting details. Its value might well have been enhanced with the aid of a few illustrations, but better still by the deduction of conclusions bearing on hereditary genius. The style lacks color and *entrain*.

Graf von Hoensbroech, in 'Das Papstthum in seiner sozialkulturellen Wirksamkeit' (Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel), presents a work which he says frankly is nothing if not polemic. He has had ample training for his self-imposed task, for he informs us that he was born and bred a Catholic; that he entered the Society of Jesus, and, after ten years of seclusion and study, was classed as an author and assigned to labor on the "Stimmen aus Maria-Laach," where his special field was the history of the Church and Papacy. Thence he was transferred to Brussels as a collaborator of the Bollandists, whose chief, he remarks in an aside, Father de Smet, is an amiable skeptic. Thence he was sent to the University of Berlin, where for some years he attended the lectures of Harnack, Paulsen, and Treitschke, and had the unrivalled opportunities for study which the Prussian capital affords. Doubts, which he had long striven to repress, ripened under these experiences, and, after a severe struggle, he emancipated himself from the beliefs of his childhood. He is thus fully equipped for the task which he has undertaken of controverting the modern Catholic version of history as represented by Hefele, Janssen, Pastor, and their school, and he writes with all the ardor of a convert. His present volume is concerned with the Inquisition, ordeals, witchcraft, and similar topics, and is to be followed by others until the extensive field is covered. The work is not cast in a popular form, but the author, although not critical, has gone for the most part to the original sources, and his book will form an abundant armory for the opponents of Ultramontanism.

The cartographic exhibit at the Paris Exposition is the subject of the first article in the *Annales de Géographie* for November, special mention being made of Booth's map of London in seven colors, showing the social divisions of the city, and Risse's maps of New York in 1800 and 1900. The greatest space is given to an account of the Russian exhibit, and particularly to a collection relative to a study of the soil, "which originated in Russia twenty years ago," and is called by them *pédologie*. There is also a physical description of central Tunis, with a map and illustrations, together with a brief sketch of the unfortunate Paul Blanchet expedition into the southwestern Sahara.

Remarkable testimony to the material benefits to Egypt of the British rule is given in the report of the Public Works Department. Though the Nile flood of 1899-1900 was the lowest recorded during the present century, yet so efficient were the measures taken by the irrigation officials to minimize its evil effects that the distress was enormously less than on all previous occasions of a failure of the flood. The area of land unirrigated in consequence of the low Nile of 1877 was 900,000 acres, but in 1899 it was only a third as much. This was nearly all in Upper Egypt, where the distress was hardly felt, as an immense amount of contract work was in progress, which enabled the people to obtain a good daily wage and tided over the interval between the two crops. In Lower Egypt "the situation was saved by the Barrage, which, for the first time in its history, was regulated upon [*sic*] throughout the flood." The cotton crop suffered but

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slightly, being very nearly the largest on record, while the maize crop was up to the average. The value of the cotton crop (which, in 1889, was, in round numbers, $43,000,000) was $83,000,000.

The Oriental Institute of Vladivostok, Siberia, has been organized and put in active operation during the past year. From a manuscript report, we learn that the sum of 90,000 rubles a year is set apart by an imperial order for the maintenance of the edifice, salaries of the professors, and the support of thirty students to be boarded, clothed, and educated at the expense of the Government. Other pupils must pay 500 rubles a year for the same privileges. Students may take elective courses in any of the four languages, Korean, Japanese, Mantchurian, and Mongolian, with, of course, Chinese as the basis of the written language of each and all. The obligatory studies in these faculties, besides the two Oriental languages, are English, higher theology, political economy, review of political and municipal institutions in Russia and elsewhere, the geography and history of Oriental countries, and jurisprudence. The study of French is optional. The whole course lasts four years. Beginning in November, 1899, the year closed April 1, four professors and nineteen students being present. The number of students for 1900-'01 was expected to be about eighty. During the summer vacation the students are supposed to travel and reside in the countries whose language they are studying.

—The interest of the world is now far from Egypt, and Dr. H. D. Traill's 'England, Egypt, and the Sudan' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) has fallen upon evil days. It is a readable, lucid, and fairly trustworthy history of modern Egyptian affairs, from the rebellion of Arabi Pasha—with a sketch of what led up to it—to the present reconquered and pacified Sudan. Dr. Traill is at no point a first-hand historian; he takes his materials from other men's books, and weaves them into easy narrative. His own book belongs to the same class as Fitchett's 'How England Saved Europe,' and has the same amusing suggestion in its tone of *Gesta Dei per Britannos*. But there are other aspects of humor in it which the author himself probably appreciated more highly. Mr. Gladstone's course is analyzed with pitiless glee. The destiny of nations certainly never worked with a finer irony than when a Gladstonian Ministry was driven, by sheer weight of circumstances, to action which has had the largest Imperialistic consequences. No objection is taken to these consequences here, but the subtle subterfuges of the great orator are laid bare in the old *Blackwood* style. But with the fate of Gordon, deserted in Khartum, the glee vanishes, and the indictment is lofty and severe. The second half of the book deals in much greater detail with the events of the reconstruction period after the abandonment of the Sudan. The last chapter is a really clever and satisfactory reply to the common charge against England of insincerity and hypocrisy. It considers the course of events by which Egypt has passed from being a vassal state of Turkey to what is practically the status of an Indian protected state under the control of a British Resident, and traces through them that thread of inevitableness which is always so easy to find—afterwards. The printing is of a curious carelessness. President for resident, national for rational, alternate puzzlingly. The senseless misprint has no dangers, it is the misprint with a sense that is a pitfall. There are many here for the unwary.

—'The Forward Policy and its Results,' by Mr. R. I. Bruce (Longmans), is a volume largely of memoirs, but partly of disquisition on the proper attitude to be maintained by the Government of India toward the hill tribes. The author has been Political Agent in Beluchistan and Commissioner for the Derajat division of the Punjab. Apart from personal experiences, the motive of the book is to praise the policy which was followed and advocated by Sir Robert Sandeman. Punitive measures are decried in the loudest tones, and Mr. Bruce favors the plan of conciliation. The tribes, if well managed, will furnish many good recruits to the Indian army, and they can be kept in good order at less expense than is involved in the suppression of their risings. Concerning the "Forward Policy" itself, Mr. Bruce has no doubts. Like most Anglo-Indians, whether soldiers or civilians, who have worked on the frontier during the last twenty years, he believes that India should control the whole northwestern march line. Indeed, he favors its direct annexation. He would have either a frontier province under one chief commissioner, or constitute Peshawar and the northern frontiers into a second "frontier chief-commissionership" on the same footing with Beluchistan. He inclines toward the latter plan, on the ground that it is more practicable. Like others, too, who have dwelt long in the northwest border-land, he feels keenly the neglect of this project by the British and Indian Governments. Sufficient care is not taken to train agents, particularly the political agents, for their intercourse with the tribes, and the inducements should be increased. One very significant feature of this book is the unconscious emphasis which it lays upon love of distinction as a motive in the Indian civil service. Mr. Bruce frequently takes us into his confidence, and tells us how grieved he was when he was passed over at this stage or at that. Public officials will, apparently, work harder and more faithfully with a title or a decoration in prospect than they would do without it. From the standpoint of artistic autobiography, Mr. Bruce says, perhaps, too much about his aspirations and but partially recognized services. But his book will be a valuable one to students of Indian affairs, especially on the administrative side. Another reflection which is prompted by any book like the present is that the retired Anglo-Indian official must always find himself in a strange element. After years of wide power and exciting experiences he comes back to the "quiet life." To him as to the full private do the words of the poet apply:

> "Think what 'e's been,
> Think what 'e's seen,
> Think of his pension, an'
> Gawd save the Queen!"

—'The Love of an Uncrowned Queen,' by Mr. W. H. Wilkins (Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.), is a book with a melodramatic title which does not altogether belie the contents. Mr. Wilkins publishes two thick and profusely illustrated volumes on the loves of Königsmarck and Sophie Dorothea. At the time when these began, the lady was married to George Louis of Hanover (who afterwards became George I. of England) and was the mother of two children, George Augustus (afterwards George II.) and Sophie Dorothea (afterwards Queen of Prussia and mother of Frederick the Great). She was divorced, owing to her relations with Königsmarck, before her husband succeeded Queen Anne, and accordingly she never bore the royal title. During the later years of her life she was kept in guarded seclusion at the Castle of Ahlden, though she was not imprisoned in *lettre de cachet* style. Save for three facts, the case would never have assumed any historical proportions beyond those of the commonplace court *liaison*, since simply as lovers Königsmarck and Sophie Dorothea do not reach the level of Abelard and Héloïse. The reasons referred to are the assassination of Königsmarck, the divorce and forced retirement of Sophie Dorothea, and the mission of Aurora Königsmarck to the court of Augustus the Strong—a mission fruitless on her brother's behalf, but resulting in the birth of that great warrior, Marshal Saxe. The celebrity of Sophie Dorothea's children and grandchildren may also have added to the general interest in her career. At any rate, a large number of books, mostly very poor, have been written on it. Mr. Wilkins's ground of excuse for reopening the subject is that he has been to the University of Lund in Sweden, where the letters exchanged between the lovers are preserved, and has made a careful examination of them in the light of Hanoverian history. With the exception of Palmblad, a professor at Upsala, who used a portion of the correspondence fifty years ago, no author seems to have handled the letters themselves, or to have compared them critically with other available information. On imperfect grounds, and largely because Palmblad presented a few letters in garbled form, the authenticity of the whole correspondence has been doubted. Thus, Dr. Adolf Köcher declared against it in Sybel's *Zeitschrift*. However, says Mr. Wilkins, he never saw the documents, and based his opinion merely on a misleading and mutilated version. We cannot discuss the question in detail, but we may state that Mr. Wilkins makes out a good prima-facie case for the letters by comparing the allusions which they contain to petty events at the Hanoverian court with the witness of English Ambassadors, notably with the entry-book of Sir William Dutton Colt. Whether original or spurious, the letters are poor compositions, and any value which they possess is due to their connection with a *cause célèbre*. As for the whole work, we must call it an unusual mixture of historical research with florid writing. Mr. Wilkins has a good knowledge of Hanover and its princes, but he is too much inclined to write in this strain: "A queen, though never acknowledged, a queen though always a prisoner, a queen though never crowned—truly, a queen of tears."

—The lead, in bulk, of the second series over the first of the great 'Index-Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, U. S. A.,' which was manifest in the fourth volume, has been maintained in the fifth (Enamel-Fyuner). In the corresponding first-series volume, a part of the letter H was included. The additions continue to be by no means wholly in recent literature of book and periodical. The oldest medical works are still sought for, with a frequently surprising wealth of parallel editions in many languages, as may be seen

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under Fabricius, Hildanus, Falcutius, Ficinus, etc. New rubrics appear, as, Faith-cure, unknown to the first series, though the Library has now acquired 'A Narrative of the late extraordinary cure wrought in an instant upon Mrs. Eliz. Savage (lame from her birth), without the using of any natural means. With the affidavits which were made before the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor . . . Enquired into, with all its circumstances, by noted divines. . . . With an appendix, attempting to prove that miracles are not ceas'd' (London, 1694). There is, by the way, another 'Enquiry,' "about the lawfulness of eating blood, occasioned by revelation examined with candour," etc., "by a prebendary of York" (London, 1733). Friends of the inheritance tax (as applied to others) will take satisfaction in the 'Essay on Death-Bed Charity,' contemporaneous with the foregoing (London, 1728), "proving that great misers giving large donatives to the poor in their last wills is no charity." For the rest, the perennial topics demand most space in this volume—Fevers filling 225 pages; the Eye, 78; Epilepsy, 36. Under Epidemics, there is a notable array of titles illustrating the history and statistics of epidemics by places. So proceeds one of the greatest of modern enterprises in this line.

—The question whether Greek is an absolute prerequisite for a professional education or not, has in recent months become a burning one in Government and educated circles in Germany. Surface indications all go to show that the language of Homer and Plato is being sadly crowded to the wall, and that its advocates are on the defensive. At the Educational Conference held some months ago in Berlin, called together by the State officials for the purpose of revising the course of the Prussian gymnasia, the study of Greek would have been entirely eliminated from the course as a *sine qua non* for entrance to full university privileges and graduation with degree, and that, too, by the vote of university and gymnasia men themselves, if the friends of the cause had not agreed to a compromise. The Berlin philologian, Prof. Wilamowitz, was appointed to submit to the authorities and to the educational world plans for an adjustment of the study of Greek to the ideas of the times. This he has now done, in connection with a new Greek chrestomathy, which he offers as a means of arousing a deeper interest in the study. The author is of the opinion that false methods in teaching are solely responsible for the opposition now so widely manifested, even in Germany, towards the Greek language. He suggests three radical changes, viz.: making Homer the first Greek author read, and reducing the Homer course of four years to two; the introduction of a chrestomathy for cursory reading with selections from the whole range of Greek literature; the limiting of philosophical prose to the last year of the gymnasium course. Incidentally, too, Wilamowitz objects to the monopoly of Attic Greek, and insists that all expression of Greek thought and life must have equal rights in the study of this language and literature. In making his selections for the chrestomathy he has acted in accordance with this principle. His proposals for reform have had a divided reception. The conservatives, of whom Paul Cauer, in the *Wochenschrift für classische Philologie*, is the main spokesman, protest against the innovation with indignation, regarding it as a mortal blow at the whole classical gymnasium system, while the progressive party, as is seen from a representative discussion in the *Beilage* of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 230, applaud the proposals.

FORD'S WASHINGTON.

George Washington. By Worthington Chauncey Ford. 2 vols. Paris: Goupil & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1900.

The reverence which all Americans feel for the memory of Washington has to some extent disadvantageously affected his biographers. Solicitous to present him always clothed in a lofty and majestic greatness, they have made him something like a mythical hero; grand but indistinct, like a distant mountain. We welcome, therefore, a biography that undertakes to show us the real Washington—the plain Virginia farmer, only moderately well educated, neither brilliant strategist nor profound statesman, who, chiefly by force of *character*, became greater than a monarch, and one of the most august names recorded in history. Mr. Ford's careful and conscientious edition of Washington's letters, and the studies which it involved, have given him special qualifications for such a work. He has had an opportunity of studying Washington from all sides, and of being admitted to his confidence. Avoiding all temptations to superfluous comment or panegyric, and austerely rejecting unnecessary details, he keeps the reader's eye from first to last fixed upon Washington himself, the events of whose life are narrated with a simplicity and sobriety that bring the man before us as he lived.

In the portion of the narrative which deals with the military operations of the Revolution, this rigid self-restraint on the part of the biographer is especially noticeable, only so much being told as enables us to understand the position, acts, and motives of the Commander-in-Chief. Indeed, this austerity at times seems almost excessive, as when he tells us no more of the battle of Long Island than that "an engagement on the 27th [August] resulted in a defeat for the Americans." Surely a line or two might have been spared to the heroism of the Maryland and Delaware troops of Stirling's brigade, who sacrificed themselves to save the army, under Washington's own eyes. Again in the affecting case of Capt. Asgill (drawn by lot to be executed as an act of retaliation), had he mentioned that the King and Queen of France, touched by the agonized appeal of young Asgill's mother, interceded with Washington in his behalf, it would not only have heightened the interest, but have shown how Washington was enabled to yield to his natural feelings of humanity without appearing weak or unjust.

The careers of most men are determined for them by apparently slight chains of circumstance, and so it was in the case of Washington. But for the peculiar aversion in which his mother held the sailor's life, he would have entered the navy as a midshipman; but for the early death of his father, he would have been sent to England for his education, as his half-brothers had been. The Virginia schools at that time were poor enough, but he seems, by good fortune, to have found a capable teacher of mathematics. At least, he found one who could teach him surveying; and, in a country in process of settlement, where great allotments of land were being mapped, staked off, and subdivided, there was sure to be business for a surveyor. While still a boy, he was employed by Lord Fairfax to make some surveys of his lands on the upper Potomac, and, becoming thus to some extent a protégé of that territorial magnate, was brought to the notice of influential men as a young fellow who would do whatever he undertook to do, and do it faithfully.

Again, Lawrence, his elder brother, was a member of the Ohio Company, and much interested in the lands on that river, for which he anticipated a great future. When the far-reaching designs of the French on the great basin drained by the Mississippi and its affluents became apparent, Lawrence, no doubt, foresaw that the Ohio valley and its trade would soon have to be fought for; and, through his influence with the Governor and Burgesses, he procured George a commission as major of militia. So when the French began building forts, and orders came from England to Dinwiddie to notify them to desist, who so fit for the mission as Major Washington? It was true he could not speak French, but he could take an interpreter; and whatever the issue of the mission, he could be relied upon to bring back valuable information and perhaps sketch-maps of the unknown country. And thus the young soldier-surveyor was connected with the settlement of the great question whether North America was to be French or English.

His brief military service, and the affair with De Jumonville, though disastrous, taught Washington invaluable lessons. It was not merely that he heard bullets whistle and built a little fort. He gained knowledge of the country, of the Indians, and how to deal with them, and of the art of frontier warfare; and he acquired a decided taste for a military life. When Braddock came with his regulars, he had to rely on some one who knew the country, and Washington, who had just been over the ground, was naturally the man to whom he turned; so he placed him on his staff. Out of the catastrophe which followed, Washington was the only officer who emerged with increased reputation. When others lost their heads, and the commanding officer did not think himself safe anywhere west of Philadelphia, Washington kept cool, heartened the panic-stricken settlers, and put the frontier in a state of defence. When the war of 1756 broke out, men did not forget the young officer who kept calm amid the general terror and flurry, and who always knew what to do; and they made him Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia militia, and second in rank of all the provincial officers. But there was little left for him to do. Fort Du Quesne was abandoned, the war rolled to the far northeast, where the great controversy was settled for all time. Washington considered his military career at an end; he resigned his commission in 1758, settled down to the peaceful occupations of a planter, and closed one chapter of his life, which, as it turned out, was only the preface.

Seventeen years thus quietly passed away

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—one quarter of his life, and the years in which men usually mould their lives. From the age of twenty-six to that of forty-three, Washington's mind was chiefly occupied with the rotation of crops, reclaiming of waste land, improving of stock, and other villatic cares, and vexed with derelictions of lazy, thievish, or drunken overseeers. He had for a while a seat in the House of Burgesses, but does not seem to have taken a prominent part in public affairs. The French troubles being settled, there seemed not the remotest probability that the quiet Virginia planter, now well past the middle of life, would ever again draw his sword, or emerge from the modest semi-obscurity of a respectable country gentleman. He took some interest in public affairs, regretted the Stamp Act, and was glad to hear of its repeal; was sorry that the Ministry were acting so unwisely; regretted the tea-tax, and hoped that the non-importation associations might bring Townshend and the rest to their senses. When the news came of the Boston Port Bill, and the more fiery spirits began to talk of an appeal to arms, he "went to church and fasted all day."

Events hurried on with dizzying rapidity. A congress of delegates from all the colonies was agreed upon, and Virginia elected her representatives. First was the distinguished Peyton Randolph, second was the eloquent Richard Henry Lee, and third was the pacific farmer of Mt. Vernon. Peace was still hoped for; but war—desired by some, deprecated by others—was seen approaching. At the Virginia Convention of 1775, when Patrick Henry was breathing war, and urgent for arming the militia, Washington remained silent, probably with gloomy forebodings. Lexington and Concord turned the scale. The second Congress resolved to organize an army; and, on the nomination of Thomas Johnson of Maryland, supported by John Adams of Massachusetts, Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Continental forces.

The choice must have puzzled many. We who have learned to look upon Washington as the natural chief, the man of men, are apt to forget that the men of that time could not know what we know. All but a few must have asked wonderingly, what it was that designated the Virginia farmer as worthiest of this high honor, as best fitted to assume this terrible responsibility. Not his brief military record, for that (though through no fault of his own) had been mostly associated with disaster. Not an illustrious lineage and powerful family connections, for he could not reckon back his own pedigree beyond the fourth degree, and did not know what part of England his American ancestor came from. Not his wealth, for, though he held much land, he was comparatively a poor man. Not his persuasive or enkindling eloquence, for he was slow and diffident of speech, and in public bodies usually sat silent. Not his fiery patriotism, for his moderate views and aversion to extreme measures must have seemed lukewarm to the impetuous Henry and the ardent Mason.

Some have supposed that the choice was due to the rivalries between more conspicuous candidates, and that Washington was taken as a "dark horse"—a man of good standing and no enemies, upon whom all could agree. No doubt political considerations did, to some extent, influence the choice; but we cannot think so poorly of the leading men in the country's councils as to suppose that they were guided by no higher motives at a crisis so momentous. We must believe that it was because not only his fellow-Virginians, but his colleagues in Congress, had learned to recognize in him qualities far beyond birth, fortune, or brilliant genius: the firm mind not veered by popular winds; the sober judgment that weighed well before deciding; an unhesitating devotion to right, and a constancy that no trials could shake.

The task before him was one of almost inconceivable difficulty. With no military experience beyond frontier warfare, and no experience whatever in organizing an army, he had to create the army of the continent, and plan regular campaigns. Of his major-generals there was hardly more than one who could give him the support he needed. His soldiers were raw recruits, without drill, and with hardly a conception of discipline, who were to be taught to hold their own against the solid columns of disciplined veterans led by experienced officers. The General was the servant of the Congress, and Congress the servant of the States; and Congress was distracted by petty rivalries and jealousies, while most of the States were dilatory and penurious, each anxious to place the burdens of the war on other shoulders. Whichever way he turned, he met with hindrance, if not downright opposition.

For the story of the war we refer our readers to the pages of Mr. Ford, who treats it from the biographical point of view, showing Washington as the central figure bringing order out of chaos, harmony out of distraction, and finally victory out of impending ruin. This accomplished and peace secured, Washington resigned his commission to Congress that had conferred it, and again retired to Mt. Vernon to spend, as he hoped, the remainder of his days in a private station.

This, however, was not to be. A Constitution had to be framed for the Federal Republic, and Washington's counsels could not be spared. Never were his moderation and balance of mind more needed. From the very first, two antagonistic views showed themselves, giving rise to the two great parties, which (under various names) have ever since divided the country. Hamilton and his followers believed that a constitutional monarchy was the best of all governments; and, while they did not advocate a monarchy for the United States, they thought that the nearer the government approached to it, the better. They profoundly distrusted the people; wished to see the government in the hands of men of property and intelligence, and the central power increased at the expense of the States and of the people. Given the substance of monarchy, the people might well be flattered with the name of a republic. The party of which Jefferson was the leader had an abhorrence of monarchy and dread of centralization. It had firm faith in the people; believed in the integrity of their motives; and thought that individual follies would neutralize each other, and the resultant action be certainly patriotic, and probably wise. Both parties saw that the reserved rights of the States were the barrier against empire; so to the one they were an obstruction to be removed, to the other a rampart to be defended. Each was too optimistic. Experience has shown that wealth and intelligence do not always imply disinterested devotion to the public good; and it has also shown that the people may be foolish in masses, as well as individuals, and that patriotic millions may concur in what is the height of unwisdom.

Through this critical period, when jealousies, animosities, and conflicting interests so nearly wrecked the ship of state before it was fairly launched, Washington pursued a conservative course. He was not a partisan of either Hamilton or Jefferson, and his position as presiding officer of the Convention made neutrality obligatory. The Constitution once framed, he used all his influence to procure its adoption by the States. With the adoption came the unanimous choice of Washington as the first President of the United States.

Perhaps his trials in this position were greater than those he had undergone as commander-in-chief. Parties were fiercely hostile, and recrimination embittered controversy. Washington, who tried to conciliate and avoid extremes, was malignantly attacked, both privately and openly. The outbreak of the French Revolution produced dangerous divisions. The country had a warm and natural affection for France, but was that to extend to the furious mob that had beheaded, with atrocious cruelty, the king who had come to our aid, and the chivalrous D'Estaing, and was clamorous for the blood of Rochambeau and Lafayette? —that seemed to be launched on a career which, if persisted in, would destroy not only civilized society, but the conditions which make civilized society possible? Happily for Washington, the scandalous behavior of Genet, the emissary of the Directory, furnished him with reasons for demanding his recall which even Robespierre approved. A treaty with England followed in due time.

Wearied with the labors and anxieties of eight years of office, Washington resolved to retire, and on March 4, 1797, he took a final leave of public life, and retired to Mt. Vernon, where he died on December 14, 1799.

Allusion has already been made to the growth of a Washington myth, or at least a tendency to regard him as a partly allegorical personage. Probably nothing favors such a conception so much as his Presidential career, and the extreme difficulty one has in reconciling it with natural laws. A President who looks upon himself as the President of the whole people and not of his party only; who regards political services as not the chief recommendations to office; who weighs measures by their intrinsic merit and not by their probable influence upon the elections; who accepts a gift from his native State only on condition that he may devote it to a public use—such a President now seems naturally to belong to the realm of allegory or poetic dream, like Buddha or Zarathustra. The reviewer himself has felt this impression at times very strongly, and acknowledges a debt to Mr. Ford for placing Washington once more on the firm ground of reality.

There are a very few slight slips in the book, such as 1759 for 1659 (i., 15), and "son-in-law" for "grandson" (ii., 185); but they are quite unimportant. Perhaps it is due to the manes of Edward Prescott to correct one statement. Mr. Ford says (i., 14) that Prescott, being captain of a vessel, while on the high seas, ordered a supposed witch to be hanged to placate the elements; that he was tried for this murder in Maryland,

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and that the result is not known. The whole trial is on record. Prescott proved that he was not the master of the ship, and that he had withstood and protested against the atrocity. No witness appearing against him, he was discharged.

The two volumes are, in all respects, exquisite specimens of the book-making art; and the illustrations, especially the tail-pieces to chapters, are of extraordinary delicacy and beauty.

ROSEBERY'S NAPOLEON.

Napoleon; The Last Phase. By Lord Rosebery. Harper & Brothers. 1900.

The quarter-deck of the *Bellerophon*, Paul Delaroche's picture of the Emperor in his garden, *la politique de Longwood*, the multiplied precautions of Sir Hudson Lowe, O'Meara's 'Voice from St. Helena'—these are the things with which the thought of Napoleon as a captive in British hands is popularly associated. Going a little farther, one meets with charges and counter-charges, the fabrications of Las Cases, the polemical and ponderous volumes of Forsyth, accusations of brutality on the one side and of plotting on the other. Like everything else relating to Napoleon, St. Helena has been an excuse for much writing and bitter recrimination. Ill-feeling was to be expected, but it alone will not account for the aridity which marks almost all the literature of "the last phase." We refer to the books based upon O'Meara, Las Cases, Montholon, etc., and not to the original sources, which are untrustworthy rather than dry. The St. Helena controversy has been barren because it has been so narrow, because it has been unable to rise above petty detail, and because it has been content to abide in abusive gossip. Now comes Lord Rosebery and strikes a new note. He has studied the minutest particulars, but he does not rest in them. He detaches the question of Napoleon's later years from a solitary rock in the tropics and brings it back to its proper affiliations.

When Lord Rosebery went out of office in 1895, he did not talk, like Thiers, of seeking refuge in his beloved books. Accordingly, he has produced something good for which he gave no promise. Besides delivering those occasional addresses which so delight the people of Great Britain, he has found time for hard and systematic reading. If he has personally investigated all the special points which he touches in this book, he has dug deeply and patiently. But what we have most in mind is his motive for taking up the closing part of Napoleon's career. It seems to be threefold. The subject is an old hobby, the recent publication of Gourgaud's journal has revived it, and, if we may read between the lines, Lord Rosebery does not wish the century to close without seeing some authoritative reparation made to France for the treatment which her most brilliant sovereign received from the British. We ascribe the last motive without express warrant and on the strength of a general impression, but the other two can be made out from the interesting passage which follows (p. 243):

"To the present writer Lord Beaconsfield explained why he wrote *Count Alarcos*, a drama nearly, if not quite, forgotten. It was produced, he said, not in the hope of composing a great tragedy, but of 'laying' a literary ghost. The story haunted him, and would, he felt, haunt him until he should have put it into shape. And so it is with this little book. It cannot help embodying a tragedy, but it was written to lay a literary ghost, dormant for years, only quickened into activity by the analysis of Gourgaud's last journals, and by stimulating leisure."

Lord Rosebery has always been praised for the shapeliness of his speeches, and he shows the same skilful modelling in whatever he writes, in his essay on Pitt and in this monograph on Napoleon at St. Helena. The essential matters are singled out, discussed according to their importance, and then dismissed. No irrelevant facts, however amusing, are admitted. The style is beautifully clear, and has the characteristics of clever, compact, and well-sustained conversation. Lord Rosebery writes as one who has had much experience in holding the attention of large audiences. He writes, too (if we may use an analogy which will recall happy memories to more than one of our readers), in the same eager and animated way that the late Mr. Ropes talked about Napoleon. The satirical touch is not wanting, and is playfully directed against almost every one in turn. But, like Holmes, Lord Rosebery is on his guard against being as funny as he can. Until towards the last, where he becomes deeply serious, there is no page which lacks its little quip or its witty adjective; yet it is something very different from levity which gives tone to the book.

The first three chapters are devoted to a statement and criticism of the sources. Napoleon had four personal companions at Longwood, and all but one of them have left memoirs. Las Cases, Montholon, and Gourgaud do not tell the same story, and they were tormented by mutual jealousies, but what they have written furnishes the staple of our information about the Emperor in his second exile. Bertrand alone, the Grand Marshal and the survivor who placed Napoleon's sword upon the pall at the interment in Paris, kept a dignified silence. Antommarchi, O'Meara, Lady Malcolm, with the spurious book of Santini, come in at the tail of the procession. The evidence in favor of Sir Hudson Lowe is contained in the three volumes of Forsyth.

Among these biographers Las Cases, the most detailed, and Gorgaud, the most sincere, are the outstanding ones. Lord Rosebery enhances the value of Gourgaud at the expense of Las Cases. The latter is a convicted forger of documents which seek to justify Napoleon's action at certain doubtful points in his career. He throws the blame for the Spanish catastrophe on Murat, he interpolates spurious letters to Bernadotte and the King of Holland, he produces a dispatch which discovers the motive of the Russian expedition to have been a reconstruction of Poland. Las Cases has been caught cheating so often that his evidence must be deemed suspicious whenever it is unconfirmed. Gourgaud, on the contrary, wrote not for Europe, but for himself. His journal was not published either after Napoleon's death, when any book with a semblance of truth enriched its author, or during the Bonapartist revival of 1840-1850. It appeared only two years ago, and its unflattering revelation of Gourgaud's own foibles is pretty clear proof that he meant it for private use. Its chief merit is that it reveals a new side of Napoleon—the good-nature and patience which he showed towards the most thorny and impossible of his attendants.

This examination of authorities amounts to a preface. The bulk of the book is devoted to three subjects: the relations between the British Government and Napoleon arising out of the captive's custody; Napoleon's life at Longwood, and the thoughts with which his later days were filled; and finally, his character considered in the light of his whole career. The first of these three topics seems to us to be handled less successfully than the other two. We shall not deny for a moment that Napoleon was treated in a very narrow spirit by Liverpool, Castlereagh, and their colleagues. A needless lack of magnanimity was shown in withholding the imperial title, and the fine sentiments which the Czar professed were not in the least shared by the British Government. But while Lord Rosebery places the real responsibility where it belongs, and speaks severely about Downing Street, he lessens the force of his criticism by putting Sir Hudson Lowe in the pillory. His chapter on Lord Bathurst should have preceded that on the deportation. Without insisting that Lowe did as well as could have been done under the circumstances, we think him unduly abused. He had no tact, and Lord Rosebery cannot forgive him because he asked "Gen. Bonaparte" to meet "the Countess" (Lady Loudon) at dinner. His excessive vigilance, too, may be laughed at now, but, remembering that Napoleon's wars had cost England £800,000,000 and Europe 2,000,000 lives, it was reasonable for an officer in the discharge of his duty to err on the safe side. Lord Rosebery urges that Napoleon was past his prime at Waterloo, and could have given little trouble thereafter, but such a theoretical view could have had no just weight with Lowe. He was a pedant, destitute of humor, but, having accepted a dreadful responsibility, he thought of nothing else, day or night, except his charge. He showed a good deal of forbearance, and received less thanks than his conscientiousness deserved.

Life at Longwood must have been almost as dull to Napoleon as to his suite. Gourgaud is always writing in his journal: "Ennui, Grand Ennui, Mélancolie." "Here," says Lord Rosebery, "is a week's sample record: 'Mardi, 25, Ennui, Ennui! Mercredi, 26, idem. Jeudi, 27, idem. Vendredi, 28, idem. Samedi, 29, idem. Dimanche, 30, Grand Ennui!' Again, 'J'étouffe d'Ennui.'" One might suppose that it would have been even worse with the Emperor, but probably this was not the case. He knew that he would get full credit for martyrdom, and that his sufferings would accrue to the benefit of his son. The King of Rome was constantly before his mind. He had longed to found a dynasty, and the feeling that he was helping forward this cause probably gave him some crumb of comfort.

However monotonous the daily routine at Longwood was, Lord Rosebery does not let it make his book monotonous. We pass by the account of Napoleon's amusements, his gardening with the help of coolie labor, his shooting of goats, bullocks, and other tame animals, his games of billiards and *reversi*. His reading, whether to himself or aloud, his writing, whether dictated by daylight or in the dead of night, and his conversations are the matters to which one turns with the greatest curiosity. In our own generation

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we have had an object-lesson which recalls Napoleon at St. Helena—Bismarck retired to Friedrichsruh with his energies unabated, and with more years in store for him than Napoleon had when he was forced to withdraw from the world. In volubility the Emperor anticipated the Chancellor. Lord Rosebery weeds out a good deal of the rhodomontade which his companions set down because they thought it sounded well and was what he ought to have said. He talked, not always seriously, upon serious subjects—war, national character (a favorite topic with Bismarck), and religion. Perhaps the most valuable passages which can be gleaned from his table-talk are those relating to his great historical exemplars, Alexander of Macedon and Frederick of Prussia. To the first he owed an incentive; to the second a recent lesson in what could be done against odds, although he thought Frederick a less able general than Turenne.

Lord Rosebery throughout provides much lively writing and much appropriate detail, but the essential part of his book is contained in the last fifty pages. We refer to the chapters on "Napoleon and the Democracy" and "The End." The closing chapter is the longest, and it assumes the nature of an historical portrait. Lord Rosebery would admit with perfect frankness that, as an expert in Napoleonic literature, he has not traversed the ground which M. Vandal and M. Houssaye have so thoroughly explored. Still the world at large will take more notice of his judgment upon Napoleon than it would pay to a character sketch by M. Vandal or M. Houssaye. Lord Rosebery has been Minister of Foreign Affairs and Prime Minister. He may be either or both again. Accordingly, one reads a paragraph like this with more than academic interest:

"And so they may obliterate the eagles and the initials if they will; it avails nothing. France, in chill moments of disaster, or even of mere material and commercial well-being, will turn and warm herself at the glories of Napoleon. The atmosphere is still imbued with the light and heat of the imperial era, with the blaze of his victories, and with the lustre of those years when Europe was the anvil for the hammer of France."

Lord Rosebery furthermore calls the memory of this period "a symbol, as monumental and visible as the tomb in the Invalides, to stimulate the national ambition." When a politician in the first rank implies that France still cherishes a strong hankering after military glory, the words have another meaning than that which they would bear on the lips of an ordinary historical essayist.

Judging him by the standard of sheer capacity, Lord Rosebery raises Napoleon to a height beyond which the enthusiasm of the devotee could hardly soar. "He carried human faculty to the farthest point of which we have accurate knowledge." "Till he had lived, no one could realize that there could be so stupendous a combination of military and civil genius, such comprehension of view united to such a grasp of detail, such prodigious vitality of body and mind." "No name represents so completely and conspicuously dominion, splendor, and catastrophe." These are not new ideas, but it is interesting to find that Lord Rosebery reiterates in prose the sentiment of Victor Hugo's ode—

"Tu domines notre âge; ange ou démon, qu'importe! Ton aigle dans son vol, chaletant, nous emporte."

Nor is the tone of admiration much softened by what follows: "He raised himself by the use, and ruined himself by the abuse, of superhuman faculties. He was wrecked by the extravagance of his own genius: No less powers than those which had effected his rise could have achieved his fall."

Lord Rosebery has written a clever, forcible sketch of Napoleon's end, and his own reflections have a double claim to the attention which they will receive.

PERUGINO.

Pietro Vannucci, called Perugino. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1900.

This latest volume of the series of "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture" is by the editor of the series and the author of the volume on Luini, already favorably reviewed by us. From him we expect a thoroughly sound and scholarly work, and even slight slips become worthy of comment. He must, therefore, pardon us if, before considering his attitude towards Perugino as man and artist, we point out one or two instances of careless or confused writing which seem to us regrettable. The error by which the "Beckford Altarpiece" is given as the "Schiavone Altarpiece" is set right by an "Erratum," inserted on a slip at the end of the "List of Illustrations," but this is evidently the only mistake noticed by the author-editor. Nearly as serious is that on p. 68, where the picture elsewhere correctly called the "Virgin in Glory," is spoken of as an "Assumption." The presence of the Christ-child in the picture should make such a description impossible. On p. 64 Mr. Williamson says: "In the Bologna picture we see the lovely figure of St. Michael, to which allusion has already been made when reference was made to the Certosa altarpiece," etc.; but there has been no such reference, and the Certosa altarpiece comes up first for discussion on pp. 67-8. On p. 61, in discussing the authenticity of the "Sposalizio" of Caen, Raphael's discipleship to Timoteo Vite is apparently taken for granted. Yet on p. 82 the author finds "no distinct proof of the influence of Timoteo upon the young Raphael." The printer is probably partly responsible for the passage on p. 37, where Vasari's tale of the painter, the Prior, and the bowl of ultramarine is immediately followed by the sentences: "Pliny records a singular story about vermilion. Perugino's skies were painted with this color," etc. Mr. Williamson's word was most likely "similar," not "singular," but this correction would not remove the ambiguity of the following sentence, which is the more unfortunate as it is well known that skies were not infrequently laid in with vermilion and washed over with ultramarine. But Mr. Williamson's gravest blunder occurs on p. 17, where it is said of the figures in a "Baptism of Christ" at Rouen: "They stand firmly and well balanced on their feet, the slight exaggeration of one of St. John's feet being due to an accurate understanding on Perugino's part of the distortion apparently given to the limb by its being below the surface of the water." The assertion that any painter of the fifteenth century observed or rendered the distortion caused by immersion is so startling that one immediately turns to the reproduction of the picture for confirmation, only to find that one of John's feet is certainly high and dry on a rock, and that the other is apparently so; the only feet in the water being those of the Christ. It might be to one of these that Mr. Williamson is referring, but on pp. 43-4 it is stated of this and two companion pictures that "in each picture a strip of the foreground which was damaged in transit had to be restored," and that in the Baptism "the damage is serious, as the foreground strip includes the feet of Our Lord and one foot of the Baptist." Thus the only foot of the four which is not a restoration is the one that is certainly not in the water.

These are the only errors we have noticed, and though they are regrettable, they are not numerous enough to destroy the character of the book as a workmanlike study. We do not agree with Mr. Williamson in his estimate of Perugino's art or character, but these are matters of opinion and the force of evidence, and Mr. Williamson's opinion is more nearly that generally accepted than is our own. The book would hardly have been written had not the author a very great admiration for the art of Perugino, and it is natural that that admiration should incline him to a defence of the artist's personal character. What we shall have further to say is therefore not in the nature of fault-finding, but of argument against argument, and our own argument is on the unpopular side.

What is to be explained about Perugino is the seeming contradiction that his art has always been accepted as pietistic and religious, while the man has been set before us by Vasari as irreligious and avaricious, or, as Berenson puts it, "an atheist and a villain." People find that the pictures of Perugino evoke the religious emotion in them, and they cannot believe that this is possible unless the man himself experienced religious emotion. How, then, explain the character drawn for us by Vasari? The general method is that adopted by Mr. Williamson, and is like that other well-known solution of an insoluble problem—"The boy lied." It is so much the fashion nowadays to contradict Vasari that critics find it very easy to assume that he was wrong, though the proof they may bring against him be of the slightest. Let us see how it is done in this instance. The charge of avarice is simply ignored. The defence against the charge of irreligion is in two parts. The first part is, as far as it goes, a fair argument. After Perugino's death, his sons "entered into a contract with the monks of San Augustino, who were still in their father's debt 50 scudi, that they should remove his body from Fontignano and bury him in their church, and the sons agreed to pay for the Mass. Mariotti says that there was in his time no proof that that ever was done; but, says Mr. Williamson, "the very fact of the contract proves that nothing could be said to the discredit of Perugino's life or character, and refutes idle rumor as to his atheism." Two pages later we have again: "His employment by the Church, not only by the Chief Pontiff, but by numerous dignitaries and by many religious orders, and the arrangement just mentioned and entered into by his sons as to his burial, sufficiently refute Vasari's statements." The second part of the defence is that "it is inconceivable that such pictures as the Pazzi 'Crucifixion,' the San Severo 'Deposition,' the Vallombrosan 'Assumption,' to name but three typical ones, could be painted by an

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irreligious man"; and this part is, we submit, simply a begging of the whole question at issue. This is the whole defence as given by Mr. Williamson, and, so far as we know, all the defence that has ever been made.

Now, if the fact that Perugino was employed by the Church is to prove his religion, it is evident that the character of every artist of the Renaissance is safe. They were all employed by the Church, which was for long the only employer, and yet it has been thought that some of them were bad men, and some of them were certainly more Pagan than Christian. As to the bargain for Perugino's interment, it is to be noticed that there is no proof that it was ever carried out, and that it is at least conceivable that Perugino's bad name may have prevented its fulfilment. But even if it were carried out, does it prove anything? Did the Catholic Church ever refuse burial to the body of any one on the ground of reputed irreligion, unless there had been comdemnation for heresy or open [illegible]tumacy; and has any one stated that there was any lack of outward conformity on Perugino's part? Vasari may have been repeating "idle rumors" without serious foundation. On the other hand, he might almost have had personal knowledge of Perugino, and may very well have known men who knew him intimately. Certainly the mere facts of Church employment and honorable burial can by no stretch of logic be held to "refute" his precise statements. The defence breaks down, and the only argument left is that of "inconceivability." To us it is by no means inconceivable that the painter of Perugino's pictures should have been the man Vasari drew.

It is well to begin with an exact statement of what Vasari really said, and of the kind of man he really makes Perugino out to have been, for the vague terms of atheism and avarice are misleading. He represents Perugino, then, as of a resolute, pushing, and practical nature, a man who, through early poverty and struggle, had come to put a high value upon material success, and had determined to gain wealth; and he represents this incentive as a good thing, and "an assistant in the cultivation of the faculties and for the attainment of excellence." Perugino, he says, was furiously industrious, "turning night into day, and laboring without intermission," and "he placed all his hopes in the goods of fortune, and would have undertaken anything for money"; but he was also rigidly and even scrupulously honest and touchy on the point of commercial honor, as the anecdote of the bowl of ultramarine testifies. Finally, he "possessed but very little religion, and could never be made to believe in the immortality of the soul, nay, most obstinately did he reject all good counsel, with words suited to the stubbornness of his marble-hard brain." There is nothing here about atheism or avarice in the strict sense of the words; only a material and practical nature and a hard-headed skepticism. The character answers very well to the features that look at us from the wall of the Cambio, and it corresponds well enough, it seems to us, to the kind of man that should have painted the pictures we know. For if there is one thing plainer than another, it is that Perugino was a commercial painter as truly as any modern that ever sold himself to a dealer. Most of his best work was done early in life, while he was striving for a reputation. When he had got it, and had found a pattern of religious picture that was in demand, he ceased to make any progress, supplied the demand by wholesale as rapidly as possible, and degenerated while those around him were progressing rapidly.

Mr. Williamson can no more avoid mentioning Perugino's habit of repetition than can others, but he does not make the extent of it as clear as do his own illustrations. Perugino had half-a-dozen attitudes that occur over and over again, and only one face, subject to the accidents of age and sex. Not only are his pictures nearly all on one plan, but certain figures occur again and again, line for line, and detail for detail. Mr. Williamson mentions the repetition of the St. Michael, who appears three times in these thirty-eight plates with slight variations of costume, but no essential change of attitude. Certain angels turn up five times, and three times more with a variation—the same variation—in the pose of the hands. It is even one of the best proofs of the authenticity of the much-discussed "Resurrection" of the Vatican, though Mr. Williamson does not include it in his argument, that whoever painted the picture had access to Perugino's cartoons and used them for these angels. There are four other angels, playing on musical instruments, in the "Ascension" at Borgo San Sepolcro that occur again exactly copied in the "Assumption" of the Florence Academy, only their relative positions have been changed and one of them is reversed, the cartoon having evidently been turned wrong side out and pounced through from the back. St. Sebastian has always the same pose, only reversed on one occasion; the Christ of the Academy "Crucifixion" is not only "from the same model" as that of the Pazzi "Crucifixion," as Mr. Williamson says, but has identically the same folds of drapery, and so has the Christ of the "Crucifixion" in St. Augustine's, Sienna; and there are almost countless other instances of a similar economy. These repetitions were notorious in the artist's own day, and he was reproached for them; his answer being, in substance, "These are the same figures you once admired; why are they not good now?" But even when the figures are not literal copies of each other, they are so mannered as to show that the artist can have made little fresh study from nature after his earliest days. These round faces with their silly little features and sweet smiles, these lackadaisical attitudes with head on one side, these curling ribbons and spindle shanks and toes turned out beyond the bounds of anatomical possibility, are irritating enough to some people to make them echo Michelangelo's famous boutade at the "blockhead of art."

But if Perugino was a commercial painter, he was an honest merchant, and, though he was content to give the monks what they wanted, with little trouble of fresh invention, yet his craftsmanship was always sound, his technique admirable. His work was well done, and it has lasted well. Mr. Williamson's chapter on his technical methods is most interesting, and the conclusion that his "medium was always mainly tempera, and was never what we know as oil-painting," is worthy of respectful consideration. And there was one spark of the true artist in Perugino, one great quality which he possessed, one thing which he painted with heart. This thing was landscape, of which he is one of the great masters; and this quality is a truly wonderful sense for and power of expressing space. Picture after picture of his is saved and rendered impressive by its background; in picture after picture you escape past the feeble and perfunctory figures into the large and tranquil landscape beyond, and breathe deep with pleasure and exaltation of feeling. Mr. Berenson, in his acute analysis of 'The Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance,' has pointed out this power of what he calls "space composition," as characteristic of the whole Umbrian school, and has maintained that it is only by virtue of this power and the consequent evocation in the spectator of a "sense of identification with the universe," that "art can directly communicate religious emotion." If this be true, as we believe it is, is there any longer any mystery about Perugino's character? In the rendering of space in landscape he was the greatest of all masters, save only Raphael; the rest is ecclesiastical millinery. But until it is proved that it is requisite for the representation of space that the artist should have attained intellectual conviction of the immortality of the soul, we need not worry about his irreligion.

There is one suggestion we should like to make in closing. Will some one of the modern critics who is on the spot determine by careful examination whether the crown on the Madonna in the Perugia gallery was painted at the same time as the rest of the picture? It looks quite unlike anything else in Perugino's work, and it is not on but back of the Madonna's head, which, without it, would be almost an exact replica of the head of the Virgin in "The Intercession of St. Francis" in the same gallery. It has all the appearance of a later addition, though Mr. Williamson apparently accepts it as a part of the original picture.

A Hand-book of Figure-Skating. By George H. Browne. Springfield, Mass.: Barney & Berry. 1900. Pp. 125.

Mr. Browne's little hand-book is the best contribution to skating literature yet made in this country. He has brought together in convenient form the most important features of the numerous German, French, and English books on the subject, and has accumulated as well much important material covering American skating. His epitome of the development of skating is excellent. He places for the first time before the English reader a deal of interesting matter concerning Continental skating, and the different schools of skating are carefully explained. The most valuable part of the book is that which contains explicit practical directions for acquiring the art of skating in all its branches. Six hundred illustrations and suggestions for nearly ten thousand figures are given. Ignorance of the principles of skating has prevented many a youth from acquiring a good knowledge of it. Mr. Browne's book tells him just what he ought to know, and just how to apply this knowledge. Every point is fully illustrated, and failure to comprehend the author's meaning seems scarcely possible. The book is small enough for use on the ice, and the skater who does not avail himself of its guidance

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cannot care much for increasing his practical knowledge of the sport.

The literary quality of this hand-book is something unusual; witness the singularly well chosen quotations, chiefly from Shakspere, one or two of which are given below. Thus, concerning worn or dull skates: "Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not, I beseech on bended knees thou mayst be turned to hobnails." A bold skater: "The great swing and rudeness of his poise." On a firm, curved stroke: "The firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semicircle."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addison, D. D. The Clergy in American Life and Letters. Macmillan. $1.25.
Allen, Grant. Linnet: A Romance. New Amsterdam Book Co. $1.50.
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Brittain, M. S. Historical Primer of French Phonetics and Inflection. Henry Frowde. 60c.
Brownson, H. F. Orestes A. Brownson's Latter Life. Detroit: H. F. Brownson.
Carman, Bliss, and Hovey, Richard. Last Songs from Vagabondia. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.
Cassell's National Library. (1) Bacon, The Advancement of Learning; (2) Plato, Crito and Phædo; (3) Johnson's Lives of the Poets; (4) Shakespeare, Measure for Measure; (5) Hakluyt, The Discovery of Muscovy. Cassell & Co. 10 cents each.
Caxton, William. The Golden Legend and Lives of the Saints, vol. 7. (The Temple Classics.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 50 cents.
Clark, Helen F. The Lady of the Lily Feet, and Other Stories of Chinatown. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. 50 cents.
Conn, H. W. The Method of Evolution. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Cook, Joel. America, Picturesque and Descriptive. 3 vols. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.
Dagnall, J. M. Love is in the Stomach, not the Heart. Brooklyn: J. M. Dagnall.
Daudet, Alphonse. Pages Choisies des Grands Ecrivains. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50c.
Dodd, Anna B. Falaise, the Town of the Conqueror. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.
Faunce, D. W. Shall We Believe in a Divine Providence? Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.
Field, Eugene. Sharps and Flats. 2 vols. Scribners. $2.50.
FitzGerald, Edward. The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Garner, R. L. Apes and Monkeys: Their Life and Language. Ginn & Co. $2.
Gilman, Charlotte P. Concerning Children. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.
Hudson, W. H. The Sphinx, and Other Poems. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard.
In Memoriam: Jonas Gilman Clarke. Privately printed. Worcester, Mass.
Kimball, Lillian G. The Structure of the English Sentence. American Book Co. 75 cents.
La Mara: Franz Liszt's Briefe an die Fürstin Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein. II. Theil. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.
Lincoln, D. F. Sanity of Mind: A Study of its Conditions. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
MacLaren, J. H. Put Up thy Sword. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.
Malone, Walter. Songs of North and South. Louisville: J. P. Morton & Co.
Mario, Alberto. Scritti Politici. Bologna: Nicola Zanichelli.
Mario, Jessie W. Scritti Scelti di Giuseppe Mazzini. Florence: G. C. Sansoni.
Mary Mannering as Janice Meredith. (Souvenir.) R. H. Russell.
McCardell, R. L. Olde Love and Lavender, and Other Verses. Godfrey A. S. Wieners.
Molesworth, Mrs. The Three Witches. London: W. & R. Chambers; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Monkshood, G. F. Woman and the Wits. A. Wessels Co.
Morse, E. S. Catalogue of the Morse Collection of Japanese Pottery, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.
Munson, J. E. A Shorter Course in Munson Phonography. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Newcomb, Simon. Elements of Astronomy. American Book Co. $1.
New Education Reader, Book 2. American Book Co.
Parker, P. L. The "Daily Mail" Year-Book for 1901. London: Harmsworth Bros. 1s.
Pelletreau, W. S. Early New York Houses. First of 10 parts. F. P. Harper.
Peterson, Arthur. Collected Poems. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.
Pétin, Hector. Les Etats-Unis et la Doctrine de Monroe. Paris: Arthur Rousseau; New York: F. W. Christern. 8 fr.
Raymond, G. L. The Aztec God, and Other Dramas. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Recolin, Charles. Vers la Vie. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 fr. 50.
Riemann, Othon, and Goelzer, Henri. Phonétique et Etude des Formes Grecques et Latines. Paris: Armand Colin. 20 fr.
Rowell, Roland. Biographical Sketch of Samuel Rowell. Manchester (N. H.): R. Rowell.
Schutze, Leuore C. Amusing Geography and System of Map-Drawing. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Co. $1.
Scott, Sir Walter. Ivanhoe. 2 vols. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Stowe, Julia L., Perot, A. S., and Nelms, Rosalie C. Our Turn. Baltimore: H. L. Washburn & Co.
Strong, Josiah. Religious Movements for Social Betterment. The Baker & Taylor Co. 50 cents.
Summers, Maud. The Thought Reader. Book 1. Ginn & Co.
Syms, L. C. Selected Letters of Voltaire. American Book Co. 75c.
The Protestant Episcopal Almanac, 1901. Thomas Whittaker. 25 cents.
Thompson, Maurice. Alice of Old Vincennes. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.
Toller, T. N. Outlines of the History of the English Language. Macmillan. $1.10.
Trask, Katrina. Lessons in Love. Harpers. $1.25.
Viele, H. K. The Inn of the Silver Moon. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.25.
Ware, W. R. Modern Perspective (with accompanying plates). New ed. Macmillan. $4.
Watson, Chalmers. Encyclopædia Medica. Vol. ii., iii., and iv. Longmans, Green & Co.
Westcott, E. N. The Christmas Story from David Harum. D. Appleton & Co. 75 cents.
Wilson, R. R. Rambles in Colonial Byways. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Wilson, J. The New Dispensation at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century. Lemcke & Buechner.
Wilfse, Sara E. Folklore Stories and Proverbs. Ginn & Co.
Winship, G. P. Cabot Bibliography. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Wirth, Albrecht. Ostasien in der Weltgeschichte. Bonn: Carl Georgi.

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